

(M.) THE DUNCIAD / AN HEROIC POEM / TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT. WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM. LONDON: PRINTED FOR LAWTON GILLIVER, IN ~~FLINT STREET~~ 1736. The Ass Frontispiece. 12mo. *This copy has the Owl.*

Flint Street

Here again our Italics denote red ink in the original.

On the back of the title is a Table of Errata. This edition is from the same types as the preceding, with the exception of the title-page. These same *errata*, though they are not pointed out in the preceding edition, still exist there; and the identity of the two may be shown by reference to p. 178., Imitation v. 15., where the word "*innumer æ*" is so printed in both; and p. 184., Rem. v. 61., where, in both copies, southern is spelt "*southern*."

From this period the rival frontispieces, the Owl and the Ass, disappear, and with them all the mystification with regard to the dates and precedence of editions of *The Dunciad* to which they so materially contributed.

INTERVIEW OF JAMES H. HARRIS
JAMES H. HARRIS, 1871
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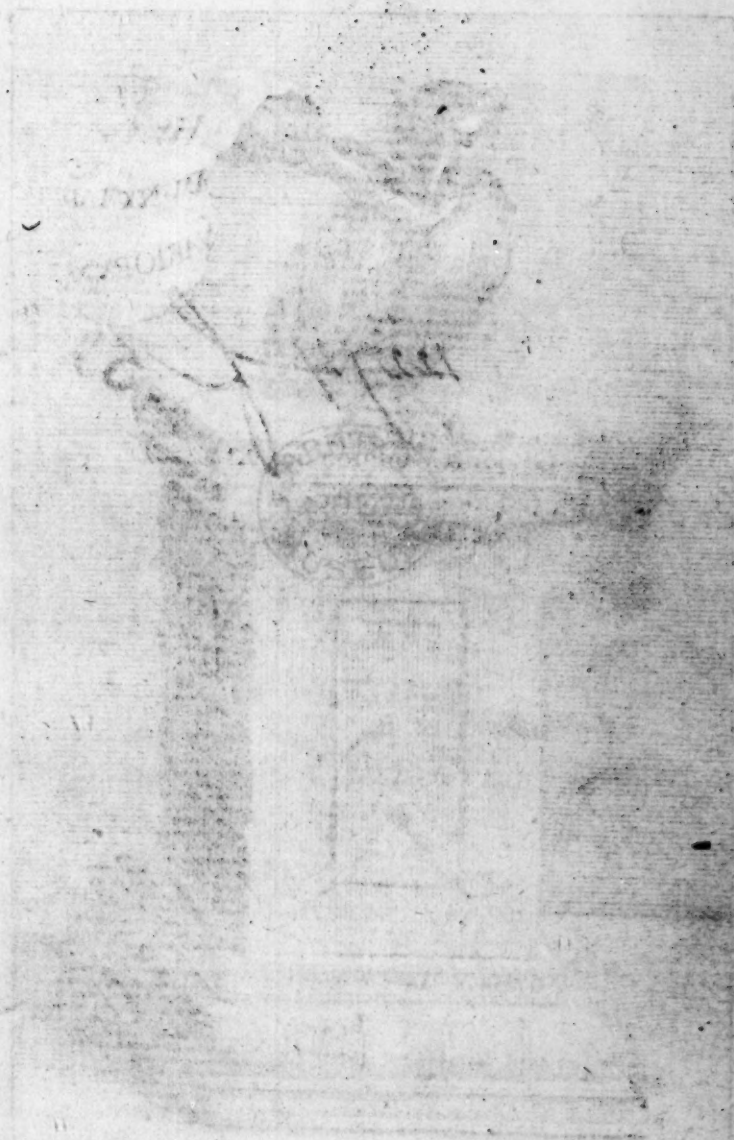
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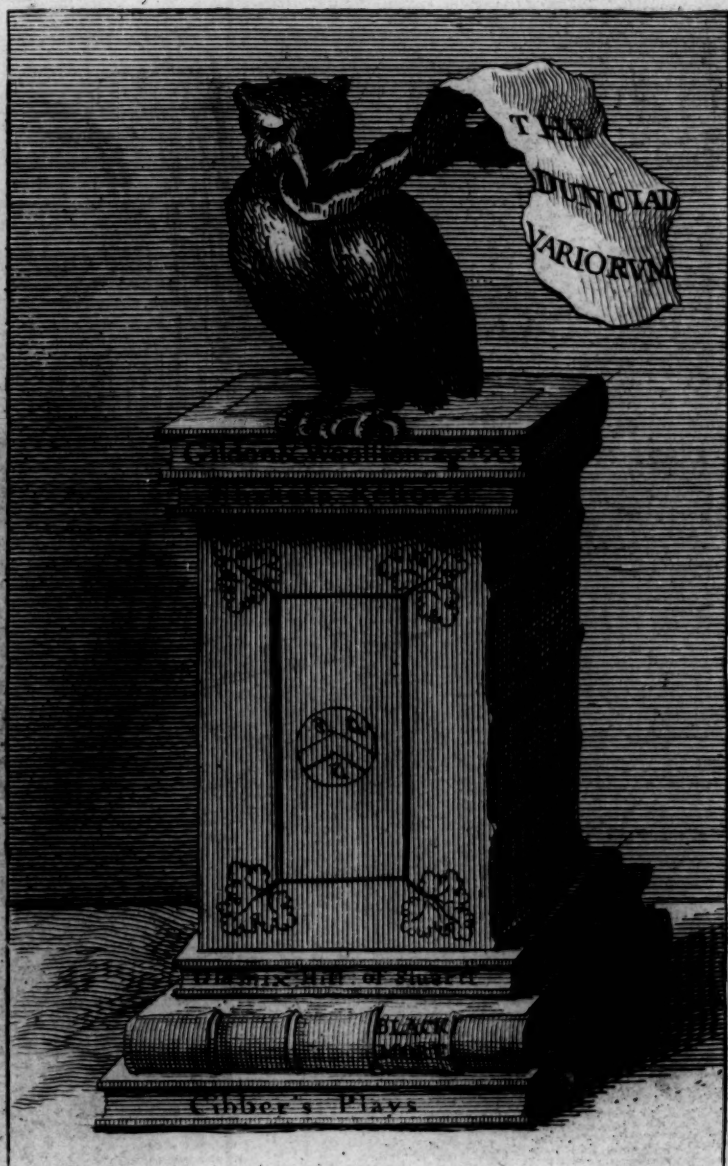
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Pope (A.)

THE *R*
DUNCIAD.

AN

HEROIC POEM.

BY

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

By John Thornton

With the

Prolegomena of SCRIBLERUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

L O N D O N :

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER,
in *Fleetstreet*. 1736.

THE
DUNCIAD
A
HEROIC POEM.

ERRATA.

*Letter to the Publisher. Pag 14. line 14. for, the
same of bad Authors would be better, add, would be
better consulted, pag 22. line 1. This Poem as it ce-
lebrated, read, as it celebrateth.*

*Dunciad, Book 1. Ver. 82. for gild read gilds. Book
2. Ver. 255. for All him, read All hail him. Book 3.
Ver. 146. for funeral read funereal,*

LONDON:
Printed for J. WATSON GILLIVER,
in Fleet-street 1736.

PIECES contained in this BOOK.

THE PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

A LETTER to the Publisher, occasioned by the present Edition of the DUNCIAD.

The Prolegomena of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

A DISSERTATION of the POEM.

TESTIMONIES of AUTHORS concerning our Poet and his Works.

The DUNCIAD, in three Books.

NOTES VARIORUM: Being the *Scholias* of the learned M. SCRIBLERUS and Others, with the *Adversaria* of JOHN DENNIS, LEWIS THEOBALD, EDMUND CURL, the JOURNALISTS, &c.

INDEX of PERSONS celebrated in this Poem.

INDEX of THINGS (including Authors) to be found in the Notes.

APPENDIX.

PIECES contained in this BOOK

THE PURSUIT OF A FUGITIVE
A Letter to the Publisher, respecting the
present Edition of the DUNCIAD
The Progress of Mankind
A Dissertation of the Poem
Essays of A. and his Works
our Poet and his Works
The DUNCIAD, in three Parts
NOTES VARIOUS, Being the Substance of
the learned M. Serapion's and Others, with
the History of John Donne, the Poet
and Edmund Spenser, the Poet
Index of Passages referred to in this Poem
Index of Names (including Authors) to be
found in the Notes
Appendix

ADVERTISEMENT.

I*T will be sufficient to say of this Edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and compleat copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appear'd: I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented, by the Names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preserve the Innocent from any false Applications; whereas in the former editions which had no more than the Initial letters, he was made, by Keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impresson at Dublin.*

The Commentary which attends this Poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most Commentaries, that it is not made upon Conjectures, or at a remote distance of Time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very Obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which most people love to

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be let into, tho' the Men or the Things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the Persons it was judg'd proper to give some account: for since it is only in this Monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seem'd but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, and when he dy'd.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief Offenders; 'tis only as a paper pinn'd upon the breast, to mark the Enormities for which they suffer'd; lest the Correction only should be remember'd, and the Crime forgotten.

In some Articles, it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the Authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's Characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his Manner is well enough known, and approv'd by all but those who are too much concern'd to be Judges.

The

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The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the Parodies and Allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If from the frequency of the former any man think the Poem too much a Cento; our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin Poets, professedly valued themselves.

PUBLISHED

Occasioned by the late coronation

EDITION OF THE BUNCIAD.



IT is with pleasure that you have procured a second Edition of the BUNCIAD, which the many judicious ones have rendered so useful and it is yet with regret that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY. A Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he been of the late Appearance of this second Edition.

A

A
LETTER
TO THE
PUBLISHER,

Occasioned by the first correct

EDITION of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct Copy of the **DUNCIAD**, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a **COMMENTARY**: a Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approv'd of the first Appearance of this Poem.

Such

Such *Notes* as have occur'd to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engag'd by humanity, to some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately publish'd, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth than to him or any man living, engag'd me in Enquiries of which the inclos'd *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first Aggressors. They had try'd till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concern'd, or surpriz'd, if this or that scribler was prov'd a dunce; but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem which would they fairly own, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them

them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had call'd men of virtue and honour Bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them Bad Writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleas'd to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them? He had publish'd those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laugh'd and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? A very serious truth which the publick had said before, that they were dull: And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with

with such accusers; or if they had only meddled with his writings: since whoever publishes puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his moral character was attack'd, and in a manner from which neither Truth nor Virtue can secure the most innocent, in a manner which though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuser (I mean, by Authors *without names*) then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past, have made free with the greatest of names in Church and State, expos'd to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abus'd all even to Women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a publick concern, I have already confess'd I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long lov'd and esteem'd Mr. POPE, and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteem'd

esteem'd and lov'd in him. Now if what these people say were believ'd, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave, either impos'd on my self, or imposing on them: so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procur'd me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their * Titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the conceal'd authors.

* Which we have done in a List in the *Appendix*.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domesticks within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts, Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no publick punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *Poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily, for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are try'd there) but sure it can be none, for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be
pale

pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor, but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the publick burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Chippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must Poverty make Nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been call'd by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter. It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get 'em out of it: For Men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and Characters were too sacred for Satire; and the publick objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allow'd, our author by
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and in this Poem, has mercifully given 'em a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections (supposing them good) and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embark'd, they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the Number of them?

Others, I'm told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I can't persuade my self, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation at that rate he would be the most oblig'd humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desir'd them to be his Admirers, nor promis'd in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than

than ignorance, in the Author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One therefore of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allow'd by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the publick." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the publick, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary, nay as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridicul'd because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just, to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from Imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general,

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and a great number who are not naturally Fools ought never to be made so in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topicks of the most candid Satirists, from the *Codrus* of JUVENAL to the *Damon* of BOILEAU.

Having mention'd BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his Judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn to them by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations*. But the resemblance holds

* *Essay on Criticism in French Verse* by General Hamilton. The same in Verse also by Monsieur Raboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the *Abbe Reynel*, in Verse, with Notes, Paris 1730. Rape of the Lock, in French,
B Paris

holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus'd by the ignorant Pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on his principle of attacking few but who had slander'd him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confin'd from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of 'em treated as gently (on their repentance or better merit) as *Perault* and *Quinault* were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allow'd to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable.

He

Paris 1728. in Italian Verse, by the Abbe Conti, a Noble Venetian: and by the Marquess Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. his Essays and Dissertations on Homer in French, Paris 1728.

He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has liv'd with the Great without flattery, been a friend to Men in power without pensions, from whom as he ask'd, so he receiv'd no favour, but what was done Him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delay'd, so were his Panegyrics; bestow'd only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observ'd in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion †. A Satire therefore on writers so notorious for the contrary practise, became no man so well as himself, as none (it is plain) was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abus'd, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that tho' engag'd in their Friendships, he never espous'd their Animosities; and can almost singly

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challenge

† As Mr. *Wycherley*, at the time the Town declaim'd against his book of Poems: Mr *Walsh*, after his death: Sir *William Trumbull*, when he had resign'd the office of Secretary of State: Lord *Bolingbroke* at his leaving *England* after the Queen's death: Lord *Oxford* in his last decline of Life: Mr. Secretary *Cragg* at the end of the South-Sea Year, and after his death: Others only in *Epitaphs*.

challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. To his Poem those alone are capable of doing justice, who, to use the words of a great Writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.*
I am

Your most humble Servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22.

1728

WILLIAM CLELAND.

DENNIS, Rem. on Pr. *Arth.*

I cannot but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natur'd thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made: It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory Reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

The Persons whom Boileau has attack'd in his writings, have been for the most part Authors and most of those Authors, Poets: And the Censures he hath pass'd upon them have been confirm'd by all Europe [Character of Mr. P. 1716.]

GILDON, Pref. to his New Rehearsl.

It is the common cry of the Poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an Ill-natur'd thing to expose the Pretenders to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good

22 GILDON, *Pref. to his New Rehearsl.*

reason be reproach'd with Ill-nature, for putting the laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor. — The same will hold in the Republick of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every ignorant Pretender to Scribbling, pass on the world.

THEOBALD. *Lett. to Mist, Jun. 22. 1728-*

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against Failures in Genius, or against the Pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Auth. of the Dunc.*

A Satire upon Dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in All Ages.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE

P O E M.

THIS Poem, as it celebrated the most grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and antient kind. *Homer* (saith *Aristotle*) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith *Horace*) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the antients have left written, was a piece by *Homer* composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the Learned Archbishop *Eustatbius*, in *Odyss.* κ. And accordingly *Aristotle* in his poetic, chap. 4. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyss-*

24 M. SCRIBLERUS of the POEM.

sey gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first Idæa.

From these authors also it shou'd seem, that the Hero or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his *understanding* and *sentiments* no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors in our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which tho' now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by *Homer* himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssæy*.

Now forasmuch as our Poet had translated those two famous works of *Homer* which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: And was therefore induced to bestow on it the same Form which *Homer's* is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem, with a title also framed after the antient *Greek* manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! Since in
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M. SCRIBLERUS of the POEM. 25

the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a *Charlemagne*, a *Brute* or a *Godfrey*, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a *Margites*, a *Codrus*, a *Fleckno*, or a *Tibbald*.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of Authors cover'd the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, or deserve the other: At the same time, the Liberty of the Press was so unlimited, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; For they would forthwith publish flanders unpunish'd, the authors being anonymous; nay the immediate publishers thereof lay sculking under the wings of an Act of Parliament, assuredly intended for better purposes.

a. Now our author living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist,

a. Vid. *Bossu, du poeme Epique*, ch. 8.

to

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to dissuade the dull, and punish the malicious, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their Original, he considereth the Causes creative of such Authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talent thro' self-conceit of great abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*, *a.* (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns, that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspir'd all such writers and such works. *b.* He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce: *c.* Then the *materials* or *stock* with which they furnish them, *d.* and (above all) that *self-opinion*, which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplify'd in some *one, great and re-*

a. Ibid. ch. 7. *b.* Book 1. Verse 32, &c. *c.* Ver. 45 to 52. *d.* Verse 57 to 75. *e.* Verse 80.

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markable action. *a.* And none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, the Introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble in *Smithfield* to be the entertainment of the Court and town; or in other words, the Action of the *Dunciad* is the *b.* Removal of the Imperial Seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world, as that of the *Æneid* is the Removal of the Empire of *Troy* to *Latium*. But as *Homer* singing only the *Wrath* of *Achilles*, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the *Trojan* war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children. To this end she is represented at the very *c.* Opening of the poem, taking a view of her Forces, which are distinguish'd into these three kinds, Party-writers, dull Poets, and wild Critics.

A *Person* must next be fix'd upon to support this Action, who (to agree with the said design) must be such an one as is capable of being all three. This Phantom in the poet's mind, must have a *Name*: *k.* He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the *Politick Journals*, written bad Plays or Poems, and publish'd

a. *Bossu*, ch. 7, 8. *b.* *Verse* 1, 2. *c.* *Verse* 95 to 104. *d.* *Bossu*, ch. 8. Vide *Aristot. Poetic.* c. 9.

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low Criticisms: He finds his Name to be *Tibbald*, and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus according to best example one and entire, as contain'd in the proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended thro' her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its *Moral* part, tho' all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad Poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes, of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth: And the third book, if well consider'd, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of *More*; the second the libellous Novellist, whom he styleth *Eliza*; the third the flattering Dedicator, the fourth the bawling Critic or noisy Poet, the fifth the dark and dirty Party-writer, and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the publick hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those

M. SCRIBLERUS of the POEM. 29

to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other, or wiser, personages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted.

The *Descriptions* are singular; the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by Antient and Classial Authority, tho' (as was the manner of those good times,) not so curiously wrapped up: yea and commented upon by most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Antient; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself: yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so alter'd and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been
and

30 M. SCRIBLERUS of the POEM.

and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection: at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminishing the Imagination; which by good critics is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that season it was that *Virgil* finish'd his *Georgics*; and *Sir Richard Blackmore* at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy: tho' since he hath alter'd it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred. a.* True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper age: But it is far otherwise in *Poetry*; witness the works of *Mr. Rymer* and *Mr. Dennis*, who beginning with *Criticism*, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath parallel'd. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his *Essay* on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

u. See his *Essays*.

TESTI-

TESTIMONIES

OF

AUTHORS.

Concerning our POET and his WORKS.

NOW before we present thee with our Exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *Adversaria* on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of Editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of
a few

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a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: In which, if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true Critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves if to none other. Forgive me therefore gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious; allow me to take the same pain to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author were fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock?

We purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education: but as to these, even his Contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith, he was educated at home; *a.* another that he was bred abroad at St.

a. Giles Jacob's *Lives of Poets*, vol. 2. *in his Life.*

b. Omer's

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Omer's by Jesuits; *a.* a third, not at *St. Omer's*, but at *Oxford*; *b.* a fourth, that he had no University education at all. *c.* Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith, he was kept by his father on purpose; *d* a second that he was an itinerant priest; *e.* a third, that he was a Parson; *f.* one calleth him a secular Clergyman of the Church of *Rome*; *g.* another, a Monk *h.* As little agree they about his Father; whom one supposeth, like the father of *Hesiod*, a tradesman or merchant; *i.* another a husbandman; *k.* another, a hatter, &c. *l.* Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a Father, as *Apuleius* hath to *Plato*, *Iamblicus* to *Pythagoras*, and divers to *Homer*; namely, a *Dæmon*. For thus Mr. *Gildon*. *m.* " Certain it

a. Dennis's *reflect.* on the *Essay on Crit.* *b.* *Dunciad* dissected, p. 4. *c.* *Guardian*, No. 40. *d.* *Jacob*, ib. *e.* *Dunc. diff.* ibid. *f.* *Farmer P. and his son*, ibid. *g.* *Dunc. dissect.* *h.* *Characters of the Times*, p. 45. *i.* *Female Dunc.* p. ult. *k.* *Dunc. dissect.* *l.* *Room, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis*, printed 1729. *m.* *Character of Mr. P. and his Writings*, in a *Letter to a Friend*, printed for *S. Popping*, 1716. p. 10. *Curl* in his *Key to the Dunciad*, (first edit. said to be printed for *A. Dod*) in the tenth page declared *Gildon* to be author of that Libel, tho' in the subsequent editions of his *Key* he left out this assertion, and affirm'd (in the *Curliad*, p. 4. and 8.) that it was writ by *Dennis* only.

C

" is

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“ is, that his Original is not from *Adam* but the
“ Devil, and that he wanteth nothing but horns and
“ tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal
“ father.” Finding therefore such contrariety of opi-
nions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of genera-
tion) not being fond to enter into controversy; we
shall defer writing the life of our Poet, till authors
can determine among themselves what parents or edu-
cation he had, or whether he had any education or
parents at all?

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works,
tho’ not less uncertain the judgments concerning them:
beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM*, of
which hear first the the most Ancient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false, or trivial, or both: his
“ thoughts are crude, and abortive, his expressions
“ absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, without
“ cadence or variety, his rhymes trivial, and com-
“ mon — instead of majesty, we have something that
“ is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is
“ very boyish: and instead of perspicuity, and lucid
“ order, we have but too often obscurity and confu-
“ sion.” And in another place — “ What rare *Num-*
“ *bers* are here? would not one swear this youngster
“ had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued
“ out

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“ out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being poxt by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her *bobble so damnably.*” *a* No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical Historian.

Mr. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse ; but if any more curious reader has discover’d in it something *new*, which is not in Dryden’s prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramattick poetry, not to mention the *French* critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.”

He is follow’d (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED;

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham’s, and the Criticisms of Dryden

a *Reflections critical and satyrical, on a Rhapsody call’d an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, 8vo.*

b *Essay on Criticism in Prose, 8vo. 1728. by the author of the Critical History of England.*

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and of *Horace*, which he more openly taxeth. *a.* “As
 “ to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in
 “ verse and prose, that have been written by the mo-
 “ derns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney*
 “ *the same thoughts over again*, making them still more
 “ *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert,
 “ insipid heap of *common-place*. *Horace* has even in
 “ his Art of poetry thrown out several things which
 “ plainly shew, he thought an art of poetry was of
 “ no use, even while he was writing one.” To all
 which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

Mr. ADDISON.

b. “The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was
 “ published some months since, is a master-piece in
 “ its kind. The observations follow one another, like
 “ those in *Horace’s* art of poetry, without that metho-
 “ dical regularity which would have been requisite in
 “ a prose-writer. They are some of them *uncommon*,
 “ but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees
 “ them explain’d with that ease and perspicuity in
 “ which they are delivered. As for those which are
 “ the *most known* and the *most receiv’d*, they are placed
 “ in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt

a Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53. *b* Spectator,
 No. 253.

“ allu-

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“ allusions, that they have in them all the graces of
 “ novelty ; and make the reader, who was before ac-
 “ quainted with them, still more convinc’d of their
 “ truth, and solidity. And here give me leave to
 “ mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so well enlarged
 “ upon in the preface to his works : That wit and
 “ fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing
 “ things that are new, as in giving things that are
 “ known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us
 “ who live in the latter ages of the world, to make
 “ observations in criticism, morality, or any art or
 “ science, which have not been touch’d upon by
 “ others ; we have little else left us, but to represent
 “ the common sense of mankind in more strong,
 “ more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a
 “ reader examines *Horace*’s art of poetry, he will find
 “ but few precepts in it, which he may not meet
 “ with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly
 “ known by all the poets of the *Augustan* age. His
 “ way of expressing, and applying them, not his in-
 “ vention of them, is what we are chiefly to ad-
 “ mire.

“ *Longinus* in his reflections has given us the same
 “ kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several
 “ passages that occasioned them. I cannot but take
 “ notice that our *English* Author, has after the same
 “ manner exemplify’d several of the precepts in the

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“ very precepts themselves.” He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes with saying, that “ there are three poems “ in our tongue of the same nature, and each a “ master-piece in its kind ; The Essay on translated “ Verse ; The Essay on the Art of Poetry ; and “ the Essay on Criticism.

Of *Windsor Forest*, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

a “ That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently “ writ in emulation of the *Cooper’s Hill* of Sir “ *John Denham* : The Author of it is obscure, is “ ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barba- “ rous.^b” But the Author of the *Dispensary*

Dr. GARTH,

In the preface to his poem of *Claremont*, differs from this opinion : “ Those who have seen those two “ excellent poems of *Cooper’s Hill*, and *Windsor Fo- “ rest*, the one written by Sir *John Denham*, the “ other by Mr. *Pope*, will shew a great deal of can- “ dour if they approve of this.”

a. Letter to B. B. at the end of the remarks on Pope’s Homer, 1717. b. Printed 1728, p. 12.

Of

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Of his Epistle of *Eloisa*, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because
 " Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd the finest tastes;
 " our author writ his *Eloise*, in *opposition to it*;
 " but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away
 " her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the
 " rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his
 judgment resembleth that of a *French* taylor on a
 Villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very
 " fine, but take away the River, and it is good for
 " nothing." But very contrary hereunto was the opi-
 nion of

Mr. P R I O R

himself, saying in his *Alma*,^d

O *Abelard*! ill-fated youth,

Thy tale will justify this truth.

But well I weet thy cruel wrong

Adorns a nobler Poet's song:

Dan *Pope* for thy misfortune griev'd,

With kind concern and skill has weav'd

A silken web; and ne'er shall fade

Its colours: gently has he laid

The mantle o'er thy sad distress,

And Venus shall the Texture bless, &c.

^d *Alma*, Cant. 2.

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Come we now to his Translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet stileth this a "laudable translation. *a*"
That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

In his fore-mention'd Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it, *b* „ The spirit of Homer breathes all
„ through this translation. — I am in doubt, whether
„ I should most admire the justness to the original,
„ or the force, and beauty of the language, or the
„ founding variety of the numbers? But when I
„ find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what
„ the poet says of one of his heroes: That he alone
„ rais'd and flung with ease, a weighty stone, that
„ two common men could not lift from the ground;
„ just so, one single person has performed in this
„ translation, what I once despaired to have seen
„ done by the force of several masterly hands." In-

a In his Essays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl. *b* Cenfor, vol. 2. No. 33.

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deed the same gentleman appears to have chang'd his sentiment, in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728.) where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison: Insomuch, that he employ'd a *younger muse*, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervis'd himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words,

MR. ADDISON, Freeholder, No. 40.

"When I consider my self as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleas'd with the labours of those who have improved our language, with the translation of old Greek and Latin authors:—We have already most of their Historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express

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“ press with elegance the greatest of their Poets in
 “ each nation. The illiterate among our own coun-
 “ trymen may learn to judge from Dryden’s Virgil,
 “ of the most perfect Epic performance. And those
 “ parts of Homer which have been publish’d already
 “ by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the
 “ Iliad will appear in English with as little disad-
 “ vantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this
younger Muse was *elder*: Nor was the gentleman
 (who is a friend of our author) employ’d by Mr.
 Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith him-
 self that he did it *before*. *a* Contrariwise, that
 Mr. Addison ingaged our author in this work, ap-
 peareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the
 Iliad, printed some years before his death, and by
 his own letters of Oct. 26, and Nov. 2, 1713,
 where he declares it is his opinion that no other per-
 son was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage. Let him
 (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD) Mist’s Journal, March 30, 1728,) „
 „ publish such an author as he has least studied, and

a Vid. Pref. to Mr. Tickel’s Translation of the
 first book of the Iliad, 4to,

„ forget

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„ forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller „ his name (for a competent sum of money tho') to „ promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.”

Gentle reader, be pleas'd to cast thine eye on the *Proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8. “ The bookseller propos'd the book by “ subscription, and rais'd some thousands of pounds “ for the same: I believe the gentleman did *not spare* “ *in the profits of this extravagant Subscription.*

“ After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

“ the sequel of that work, the *Odyssy*: and having “ secured the success by a numerous subscription, he “ employ'd some *Underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his “ own hands.” To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY, (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.) “ I take this “ occasion to declare that the subscription for *Shakespeare* belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: And that “ the benefit of *This Proposal* is not solely for my “ own use, but for that of *two of my friends*, who “ have *assisted me in this work.*” But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself, in another

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another of *Mist's Journals*, March 30, 1728, saying,
 " That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the
 " experiment again, of getting a great part of a book
 " done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should
 " unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the
 " declension of the whole." Behold! these *Under-*
 " *lings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as their term is) secur'd it, to wit the right honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST now living doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsify tax, or be falsly taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

" Mr. Addison rais'd this author from obscurity,
 " obtain'd him the acquaintance and friendship of
 " the *whole body of our Nobility*, and transfer'd his
 " powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means
 " unusual contributions on the publick." Which
 surely

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surely cannot be, if, as the author of *Dunciad* dissest-ed reporteth, “ Mr. *Wycherley* had before introduced
 “ him into a familiar acquaintance with the *greatest*
 “ *Peers and brightest Wits* then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his
 “ body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resent-
 “ ment, libelled the memory of his departed friend,
 “ and what was still more heinous, made the scan-
 “ dal publick.” Grievous the accusation! unknown
 the accuser! the person accused no witness in his
 own cause, the person in whose regard accus’d, dead!
 But if there be living any one nobleman, whose
 friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription
 Mr. *Addison* procur’d to our author; let him stand
 forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus*
Socrates, sed magis amica veritas. In verity the
 whole story of the libel is a lye; witness those
 persons of integrity, who several years before Mr.
Addison’s decease, did see and approve of the said
 verses, in no wise a libel but a friendly rebuke sent
 privately in our author’s own hand to Mr. *Addison*
 himself, and never made publick till after their own
 Journals, and *Curl* had printed the same. One name
 alone which I am authorized here to declare, will suf-
 ficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable
 the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next

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Next is he taxed with a crime (with some authors I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, Gent.

a. " Upon reading the third volume of Pope's
" Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought
" excellent, and happening to praise them, a gentle-
" man produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes)
" published last year, where were the same verses to
" to a tittle.

" These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first pla-
" giarists that pretend to make a reputation by stealing
" from a man's works in his own life-time, and out
" of a publick print." Let us join to this what is writ-
ten by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr.
James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself
(who had inform'd him, a month before that play was
acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " these verses, which he had
" before given him leave to insert in it, would be
" known for his, some copies being got abroad.)" " He
" desires nevertheless, that since the lines had been
" read in his Comedy to several, Mr. P. would
" not deprive it of them, &c." Surely if we add
the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the

a. Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

Lady

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Lady to whom the said verses were originally address'd, of *Hugh Bethel*, Esq; and others who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman compos'd his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his Enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other Informer than the said

Mr. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

b. "The *Memoirs of a Parish clerk* was a very
"dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in
"defence of our Religion and Constitution; and
"who has been dead many years." This also seemeth
most untrue; it being known to divers that these
memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord *Harcourt* in Oxfordshire before that excellent person
(Bishop *Burnet's*) death, and many years before the
appearance of that History of which they are pre-
tended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr.
Moore had such a design, and was himself the man
who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him
therein; and that he borrow'd those Memoirs of our
author when that History came forth, with intent to

b. Daily Journal, April 3. 1728.

turn

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turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single Hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembreth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have, of exposing it." This noble person is the EARL of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mention'd them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honour'd commands for the same, and that they are introduc'd not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines,

c. And

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- c. And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend ;
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

So also is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- d. Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse?
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
Go to the *good and just*, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight —————

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART

in this Apostrophe.

- e. O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy *life*, and blest in all thy *lays*.
Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
And ev'n thy *life* be *faultless* as thy line.

- c. *Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.*
d. *Poem prefix'd to his works.* e. *In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.*

D

Yet

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Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the Muse:
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.
The witty and moral Satyrift

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet, to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue.

f. Why slumbers *Pope*, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

Mr. THOMPSON,

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the seasons,
Altho' not sweeter his own *Homer* sings,
Yet is his *Life* the more endearing Song.

To the same tune also singeth that learned Clerk of
Suffolk

Mr. WILLIEM BROOME:

g. Thus, nobly rising in fair *virtue's* cause,
From thy own *life* transcribe th' *unerring* laws.

And divers more, with which we will not tire the reader.

Let us rather recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with

f. *Universal Passion*, Satyr 1. g. *In his poems*, and
at the end of the *Odyssey*.

whom

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whom he never convers'd, and whose countenances he could not know, tho' turned against him: First again commencing with the high-voiced, and never-enough-quoted

JOHN DENNIS;

Who in his reflections on the Essay on Criticism thus describeth him. "A little affected hypocrite, " who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, " friendship, good nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falshood, that whenever " he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he " brands them with some defect which is just *contrary* " *to some good quality*, for which all their friends and " *their acquaintance* commend them. He seems to " have a particular pique to *People of Quality*, and authors of that rank—He must derive his religion " from *St. Omer's*.—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping 1716) he saith, " tho' he is a Professor of the worst religion, yet he " *laughs at it*;" but that, " nevertheless, he is a *virtu-* " *lent Papist*; and yet a *Pillar* for the *Church of* " *England*." Of both which opinions

Mr. THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring in *Mist's Journal* of June 22, 1718: "That if he is not shrewdly abus'd, he " made it his practice to cackle to *both parties* in

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“ their own sentiments.” But, as to his *Pique* against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728.) “ he had by some means “ or other the acquaintance and friendship of the whole “ body of our Nobility.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon in the Character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us : “ That he is a creature that “ reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a “ man: a Whig and a Tory: a writer (at one and “ the same time) of † Guardians and Examiners, “ an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing “ power of kings: a jesuitical professor of truth, a “ base and a foul pretender to candour.” So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man ; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it, as to the judicious reader shall seem good ; Sure it is, he is little favour'd of certain authors whose wrath is perilous : For one declares he ought to have a price set on his head and to be hunted down as a wild beast. *b.* Another protests that he

† The names of two weekly Papers.

b. Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.

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does not know *what may happen*, advises him to *insure his person*, says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escape with his life*. *i*. One desires he would *cut his own throat* or *hang himself*: *k*. But *Pasquin* seem'd rather inclined it should be done by the Government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution. *l*. Mr. *Dennis* himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom; *m*. and assureth the publick, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his Country; a monster, that *will*, one day, show as *daring a soul* as a *mad Indian* who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets *n*. Another gives information of *Treason* discover'd in his poem: *o*. Mr. *Curl* boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings and Princeesses*; *p*. and one *Matthew Concanen* yet more impudent pub-

i. Smedley, *Pref. to Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16. *k*. *Gulliveriana*, pag. 332. *l*. Anno 1723. *m*. Anno 1729. *n*. Preface to *Rem. on Rape of the Lock*, pag. 12, and in the last page of that Treatise. *o*. Pag. 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a Book intitled, *A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasion'd by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies*, printed for A. Moore, 8vo. 1712. *p*. *Key to the Dunc.* 3d edit. p. 18.

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lishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation as members of the Dunciad! *q*

This is prodigious! yet is it almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him:

M. THEOBALD,

in censuring his *Shakespear* declares, “ he has so great
“ an *esteem* for Mr. *Pope*, and so high an *opinion* of his
“ *genius*, and *excellencies*; That notwithstanding he
“ professes a *veneration almost rising to Idolatry* for the
“ writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very
“ loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of
“ that *other gentleman's* character. *r*.

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attack'd him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr. *Pope*
“ would be prevail'd upon to give us *Ovid's* Epistles
“ by his hand: for it is certain we see the original
“ of *Sapbo* to *Phaon* with much more life and likeness
“ in his version, than in that of Sir *Car. Scrope*.
“ And this (he adds) is the more to be wish'd, be-

q. A List of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c. r. Introduction to his Shakespear restor'd, in quarto, p. 3.

“ cause

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“ cause in the *English* tongue we have scarce any
 “ thing truly and naturally written upon Love.” s.
 He also in taxing Sir *Richard Blackmore* for his heterodox opinions of *Homer*, challengeth him to answer what Mr. *Pope* hath said in his preface to that poet.

M. OLDMIXON

calls him a great Master of our tongue, declares
 “ the Purity and Perfection of the *English* language
 “ to be found in his *Homer*; and saying there are
 “ more good Verses in *Dryden’s Virgil* than in any
 “ other work, excepts ~~this~~ of our author only.” t.
 One who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to *Duncan Campbell*, u. in that poem which is wholly a satire on Mr. *Pope*, confesseth,

’Tis true, if finest notes alone cou’d show
 (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
 That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope, more than we can offer, should receive:
 For when some gliding river is his theme,
 His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream, &c.

s. *Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay*, 8vo. 1721. p. 97, 98. t *In his Prose Essay on Criticism*. u. *Printed under the Title of the Progress of Dulness*, 120. 1728.

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M. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's *Homer*, crieth out,
 But in his other works what beauties shine?
 While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line.
 These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
 And bade them live to brighten future days. x.

MIST's JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Altho' he says, "the smooth Numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit," Yet that same paper hath these words:
 "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy, and elegant versification: *In all his works,*
 "we find the most *happy turns*, and *natural similes*,
 "wonderfully short and thick sown." The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, pag. 25. it is very full of *beautiful Images*.

Mr. GILDON and DENNIS

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in y. Concert confess, "That some

x *Battle of Poets*, fol. pag. 15.

y *In Concert*.] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place. "As to my writing in Concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Mr. Gildon will plain-

ly

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“ men, of good understanding, value him for his
 “ rhymes :” And pag. 17. “ That he has got, like
 “ Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dry-
 “ den) a notable knack of rhyming and writing
 “ smooth verse.”

To the *Success* of all his pieces, they do unanimously
 give testimony : But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to
 behold this last great Critic sorely lamenting it, even
 from the Essay on Criticism to this Day of the Dun-

ly show, that we are not Writers *in concert* with
 “ each other.

Sir, — *The height of my Ambition is to please Men
 of the best Judgment; and finding that I have enter-
 tain'd my Master agreeably, I have the Extent of the
 Reward of my Labour.*

Sir, I had not the opportunity of hearing your excel-
 lent Pamphlet 'till this Day: I am infinitely satisfied
 and pleas'd with it, and hope you will meet with that
 Encouragement which your admirable Performance de-
 serves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who sends
 “ such Compliments to another, has not been us'd
 “ to write in *Partnership* with him to whom he sends
 “ them ?” [Dennis's *Remarks on the Dunciad*, p 50.]
 Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this Piece to
 himself.

ciad!

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ciad! “ A most notorious instance! (quoth he) of
 “ the depravity of genius and taste, the *Approbation*
 “ this Essay meets with! z. — I can safely affirm,
 “ that I never attack’d any of these writings, unless
 “ they had *Success*, infinitely beyond their merit. —
 “ This, tho’ an empty, has been a *popular* scribler:
 “ The Epidemic madness of the times has given him
 “ *reputation. a.* — If after the cruel treatment so
 “ many extraordinary men (*Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben.*
 “ *Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway*, and others) have
 “ received from this country, for these last hundred
 “ years; I should shift the scene, and shew all that
 “ penury chang’d at once to riot and profuseness:
 “ and more squander’d away upon *one object*, than
 “ would have satisfy’d the greater part of those ex-
 “ traordinary men: The reader to whom this one
 “ creature should be unknown, would fancy him a
 “ prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all
 “ the great qualities of these persons were centred in
 “ him alone — But if I should venture to assure him,
 “ that the PEOPLE of ENGLAND had made *such*
 “ a choice — the reader would either believe me a
 “ *malicious enemy*, and *slanderer*; or that the reign

z. Denn. *Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Critic.*
 a. *Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.*

“ of

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of the last (Queen Ann's) *Ministry*, was design'd
 " by fate to encourage *Fools* c.

However, lest we imagine our Author's Success was
 constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain
 works in a less degree of repute, whereof (altho' own'd
 by others) yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of
 this sort Mr. DENNIS ascribes to him d. *Two Farces*,
 whose names he does not tell, but assures us *there is*
not one jest in them; and an Imitation of *Horace*, whose
 title he does not mention, but assures us, *it is much*
more execrable than all his works. e. The DAILY
 JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. assures us, " he is be-
 " low *Tom Durfey* in the *Drama*, because (as that
 " writer thinks) *the Marriage Hater* match'd and the
 " *Boarding School* are better than the *What-d'-ye-call-*
 " *it*;" Which is not Mr. P.'s but Mr. Gay's. Mr.
 GILDON assures us, in his *New Rehearsal*, p. 48.
 " that he was writing a *Play* of the *Lady Jane*
 " *Gray*; But it afterwards prov'd to be Mr.
 " *Rowe's*." We are assured in another " he
 " wrote a pamphlet called *Dr. Andrew Tripe*; g.
 which prov'd to be one *Dr. Wagstaff's*. Mr. THEO-
 BALD assures us, in *Miss* of the 27th of April, " That

c. *Rem. on Hom. pag. 8, 9.* d. *Rem. on Hom. pag. 8.*
 e. *Charact. of Mr. P. p. 7.* g. *Charact. of Mr. P.*
 p. 6.

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“ the treatise of the *Profund* is very dull, and that
 “ Mr. *Pope* is the author of it :” The writer of *Gul-*
liveriana is of another opinion, and says, “ the whole
 “ or greatest part of the merit of this treatise must
 “ and can only be ascrib’d to *Gulliver. b.* [Here
 gentle reader ! cannot I but smile at the strange blind-
 ness and positiveness of men, knowing the said trea-
 tise to appertain to none other but to me, *Martinus*
Scriblerus.]

Lastly we are assured, in *Mist* of June 8. “ That
 “ his own *Plays* and *Farces*, would better have adorn’d
 “ the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. *Theobald* : for
 “ he had neither genius for Tragedy or Comedy :”
 Which whether true or not, is not easy to judge ; in
 as much as he hath attempted neither.

But from all that hath been said, the discerning rea-
 der will collect, that it little avail’d our author to have
 any Candour, since when he declar’d he did not write
 for others, it was not credited : As little to have any
 Modesty, since when he declin’d writing in any way
 himself, the presumption of others was imputed to
 him. If he *singly* enterpriz’d one great work, he was
 tax’d of Boldness and Madness to a prodigy : *i.* if he

*b. Gulliv. p. 336. i Burnet Homerides, pag. 1, of
 his Translation of the Iliad.*

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took *assistants* in another, it was complain'd of and represented as a great injury to the publick. *k*. The loftiest Heroicks, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satire on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poysons, and murders: of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he father'd it on that author to be yet better concealed. If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguis'd he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politicks, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular Character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage; and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect master of all Styles, and

k The London and Mist's Journals, on his Undertaking of the Odyssey.

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all Arguments ; And that there was in those times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing ; but leave thee, gentle reader ! to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed ? of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not ?



THE

THE
DUNCIAD,
IN
THREE BOOKS,
WITH
Notes Variorum.

THE
DUNCLAD
IN
THREE BOOKS
WITH
Notes & Variations.

T H E
D U N C I A D.

A R G U M E N T to B O O K the F I R S T.

*The Propofition, the Invocation, and the Infcription.
Then the Original of the great Empire of Dul-
nels, and caufe of the continuance thereof. The be-
loved feat of the Goddeſs is deſcribed, with her
chief attendants and officers, her functions, opera-
tions, and effects. Then the poem haſtes into the
miſt of things, preſenting her on the evening of a
Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion
of her ſons, and the glories paſt and to come. She
fixes her eye on Tibbald to be the inſtrument of
that great event which is the Subject of the poem.
He is deſcribed penſive in his ſtudy, giving up the*

cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch Settle: Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to Law or Politicks, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Settle that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.

BOOKS and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

This Poem was writ in 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in 120. another at Dublin, and another at London in 8vo, and three others in 120. the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in 4to 1728-9, which was attended with the following Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity that this Poem (as it here stands) was presented to King George the Second and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728 9.

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 67.

Say great Patricians ! (since your selves inspire
These wond'rous works ; so Jove and Fate require)

REMARKS ON BOOK the FIRST.

The *Dunciad*, Sic M. S. It may be well disputed whether this be a right reading? Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*. therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s [as *Shak'spear*] which is utterly unpardonable. Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear ; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an *Atchievement that brings honour* to the Critic who advances it ; and Dr. B. will be remembered to posterity for his performances of *this sort*, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the Remains of *Menander* and *Pbilemon*.

THEOBALD.

I have a just value for the letter *E*, and the same affection for the name of this poem, as the forecited Critic for that of his author ; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade* ; which being a French

IMITATIONS.

V. 3. Say great Patricians ! since your selves inspire
These wond'rous Works —] Ovid. Met. 1.

— *Dū cēptis* (nam vos mutastis & illas.)

68 The D U N C I A D. Book I.

Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunc the second reigns like Dunc the first.

R E M A R K S.

and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; mov'd thereto by Authority, at all times, with Critics, equal if not superior to Reason. In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my very good friend, the exact Mr. *Tho. Hearne*; who, if any word occur which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, *sic M. S.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 1. *Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.*]

Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! it breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefix'd to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *The Man who brings*, &c. not of the Hero of the piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers (an honour which tho'

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. *Dryden*,
And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E're Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,

R E M A R K S

this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.)

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*; assuring him, that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*.

*Armâ virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit*

Litora: multum ille & terris jactatus & alto, &c.
I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being as we see *Æn.* 2. 513. from the altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the shore of *Italy*. *jactatus* in the third, is surely as improperly apply'd to *terris*, as proper to *alto*: to say a man is *toft on land*, is much at one with saying he *walks at sea*. *Risum teneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 2. *The Smithfield Muses.*] *Smithfield* is the place where *Bartholomew Fair* was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of *Covent-Garden*, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and the *Hay-Market*, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the

Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night: 10
 Fate in their dotage this fair ideot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd in native Anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to confirm, she tries, 15
 For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou, whatever Title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy Chair, 20
 Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;

REMARKS.

year 1725, and continued many years. See Book 3.
 Verse 227, &c.

V. 10. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business as a Scholiast to meddle with it, but to leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader: remarking only, that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's Θεογονία*) was the Progenitor of all the Gods.

SCRIBL.

V. 21. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind.*] *Ironice*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both — The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper Coin in *Ireland*.

From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
Grieve not, my SWIFT! at ought our realm acquire^s
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread, 25
To hatch a new Saturnian Age of Lead.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;

R E M A R K S.

which upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

V. 23. *From thy Bæotia.*] *Bæotia* of old lay under the raillery of the neighbouring Wits, as *Ireland* does now; tho' each of those nations produced one of the greatest Wits, and greatest Generals, of their age.

V. 24. *Grieve not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironice iterum.* The Politicks of *England* and *Ireland* were at this time thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr. *Swift* of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

V. 26. *A new Saturnian Age of Lead.*] The ancient golden Age is by Poets stiled *Saturnian*; but in the chymical language, *Saturn* is *Lead*.

V. 27. *Where wave the tatter'd Ensigns of Rag-fair.*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower* of *London*, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

V. 28, 31. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air.*—

Here in one Bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,

The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the *Dunciad*. “ These lines (saith he) have no construction,

72 The DUNCIAD. Book I.

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness. 30
Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

REMARKS.

“ or are nonsense. The two shivering sisters must
“ be the sister-caves of Poverty and Poetry, or the
“ bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must be the
“ same, (*questionless, if they lie in one bed*) and the
“ two sisters the lord knows who?” O the construction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus:
Æn. i.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum :
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;
Nympharum domus. —

May we not say in like manner, “ The nymphs must
“ be the waters and the stones, or the waters and
“ the stones must be the houses of the nymphs?” *Insulse!* The second line, *Intus aquæ, &c.* is in a parenthesis (as are the two lines of our Author, *Keen hollow Winds, &c.*) and it is the *Antrum*, and the yawning ruin, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beseech thee, Reader, present thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Æneas* repaired to dress their dinner. — *Fessis — frugesq; receptas Et torrere parant flammis*: What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *sweet waters* to drink, and *seats* to rest on: the other is

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 73

This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls, 35
 And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.
 Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,

R E M A R K S.

surely an error of the Copyists. Restore it, without
 the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 33. *The Great Mother.*] *Magna mater*, here apply'd to *Dulness*. The *Quidnunc's*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring, *quid nunc?* what news?

V. 38. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.*] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's-Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorn'd his shop with titles in red letters.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 33. *This the Great Mother, &c.*] *Æn.* 1.

Urbs antiqua fuit —————

Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

(Siqua fata sinant) jam tum tenditq; fovetq;

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day, 40
 Sepulchral Lyes, our holy walls to grace,
 And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.
 'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone;
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne;

R E M A R K S.

V. 39. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay.*] It is an ancient *English* custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at *Tyburn*; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

V. 40. and 42. allude to the annual songs composed to music on St. *Cecilia's* Feast, and those made by the Poet-Laureat for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-years-day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and instruments.

V. 41. Is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches in Epitaphs.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 39. *Hence hymning Tyburn — Hence, &c.*]

———— *Genus unde Latinum*

Albaniq; patres, atq; altæ mænia Romæ.

Virg. *ibid.*

V. 43. *In clouded majesty she shone.*] Milton, Lib. 4.

———— *The Moon*

Rising in clouded Majesty. —

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 75

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears 45
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:

R E M A R K S.

I must not here omit a Reflection, which will occur perpetually through this poem, and cannot but greatly endear the Author to every attentive observer of it: I mean that *Candour* and *Humanity* which every where appears in him to those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhimes, scurrilous weekly papers, lying news, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to malice or servility, as to dulness; and not so much to dulness, as to necessity; And thus at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

V. 48. *Who hunger, and who thirst.*] “ This is an allusion to a Text in scripture, which shews, in “ Mr. Pope, a delight in prophaneness (said Curl upon “ this place.”) But ’tis very familiar with *Shakespeare* to allude to passages of scripture: Out of a great number I’ll select a few, in which he not only al-

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 45. *That knows no fears Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.*] Horat.

Quem neq; pauperies, neq; mors, neq; vincula terrent.

76 The DUNCIAD. Book I.

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl :
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale ; 50
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,

REMARKS.

ludes to, but quotes the very Texts from holy Writ.
In All's well that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire,* Mat. 7. 13. In *Much ado about nothing*: *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden,* Gen. 3. 8. (in a very jocular scene.) In *Love's labour lost*, he talks of *Sampson's* carrying the gates on his back ; in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, of *Goliath* and the Weaver's beam ; and in

IMITATIONS.

V. 53. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameless Somethings, &c.* That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in *Garth's Dispensary*, Cant. 6.

*Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.*

Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day 55
 Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play :
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
 Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet. 60
 Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes ;

R E M A R K S.

Henry 4. *Falstaff's* Soldiers are compared to *Lazarus* and the Prodigal Son. *The first part of this Note is Mr. CURL's, The rest is Mr. THEOBALD's* Appendix to Shakespeare restor'd. p. 144.

V. 61. *Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes.* It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the works of her Sons celebrated in the poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, " he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. *Dennis's* works afford us notable examples in this kind. " *Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad in-
 " to the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake *Pope*
 " *Alexander..*" ——— Let us take the initial and final
 " letters of his Name, viz. *A. P—E*, and they

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 62. *And ductile dulness.*] A Parody on a verse in *Garth, Cant. 1.*

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

78 The D U N C I A D. Book I.

There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance, 65
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land. 70
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;

R E M A R K S.

“ give you the idea of an *Ape*. ——— *Pope* comes
 “ from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little
 “ Wart; or from *poppyisma*, because he was conti-
 “ nually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popyisma*-
 “ *ta*, or *Po-pisms*.” DENNIS on *Hom.* and *Daily*
Journal June 11. 1728.

V. 68. *How Farce and Epic* ——— *How Time him-*
self, &c.] allude to the transgressions of the *Unities*,
 in the Plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought
 upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy,
 Comedy, Farce and Epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*,
Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

V. 71. *Ægypt glads with show'rs.]* In the lower
Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the *Nile*
 being sufficient to impregnate the soil. — These six
 verses represent the inconsistencies in the description
 of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy
 images, tho' incompatible in one season, or in one

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 79

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow, 76
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene:
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views, 80
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gild them all.

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:

R E M A R K S.

scene. — See the *Guardian*, No. 40. parag. 6. See also *Eusden's* whole works if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant, to have given Examples of all these species of bad writing from these Authors, but that it is already done in our treatise of the *Bathos*.

S C R I B L.

V. 83. *'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave.*] Sir George Thorold Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720. The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land and partly by water. — *Cimon* the famous *Athenian* General obtained a victory

I M I T A T I O N S.

77. *The cloud-compelling Queen.*] From *Homer's* epithet of *Jupiter*, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

80 The D U N C I A D. Book I.

(Pomps without guilt; of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.

R E M A R K S.

by sea, and another by land on the same day, over
the *Persians* and *Barbarians*.

V. 86. *Glad Chains.*] The ignorance of these Mo-
derns! This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold chains*,
shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains
of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the La-
tinism and Grecism, nay of figurative speech itself. —
lætas segetes, glad, for making glad, &c.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 88. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison.

*Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,
Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.*

V. 88. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was alive at this time, and poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyricks upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: but that part of the shows being frugally at length abolished, the employment of City-Poet

Book I. The DUNCIAD. 81

Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day; 90
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;

REMARKS.

reas'd; so that upon *Settle's* demise, there was no successor to that place. This important point of time our Poet has chosen as the Crisis of the Kingdom of *Dulness*, who thereupon decrees to remove her Imperial Seat: To which great enterprize, all things being now ripe, she calls the Hero of this poem.

Mr. *Settle* was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his party; for he was the Author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King *Charles* the second. He answer'd all *Dryden's* political poems; and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts.) "Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judg'd he had the better. In short *Settle* was then thought a formidable rival to Mr. *Dryden*; and not only the Town, but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to *Elkanah*." DENNIS, *Pref. to Rem. on Hom.*

For the latter part of his history, see the Note on the third Book, vers 279.

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise, 95
 And sure succession down from *Heywood's* days.
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each fire imprest and glaring in his son ;
 So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear. 100
 She saw old *Pryn* in restless *Daniel* shine,
 And *Ensden* eke out *Blackmore's* endless line ;

R E M A R K S.

V. 96. *John Heywood.*] Whose Interludes were printed in the time of *Henry* the eighth.

V. 101. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it, *She saw in Norton all his father shine* ; a great mistake ! for *Daniel de Foe* had parts, but *Norton de Foe* was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is *Daniel* himself made successor to *W. Pryn*, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politicks ; as appears by the poem *De jure divino*, &c. of *De Foe*, and by these lines in *Cowley's* Miscellanies of the other.

— One lately did not fear
 (Without the Muses leave) to plant verse here.
 But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
 Rhymes, as e'en set the bearers ears on edge :
 Written by William Pryn Esqui-re, the
 Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.
 Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for his high stile
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenc'd to the Pillory.

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 83

She saw slow *Philips* creep like *Tate's* poor page,
And all the mighty *Mad* in *Dennis* rage.

R E M A R K S.

V. 102. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] *Laurence Eusden*, Poet Laureate: *Mr. Jacob* gives a catalogue of some few only of his works; which were very numerous. *Mr. Cook* in his *Battle of Poets* saith of him,

*Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.*

Mr. Oldmixon in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the *Galimatias's* he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this Poet, which have as much of the *Ridiculum* and the *Fustian* in 'em as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense which so perfectly confounds all *Idea's*, that there is no distinct one left in the mind. Further he says of him, that he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than *Catullus*, *Ovid*, and *Tibullus*, but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it from what he hath lately publish'd." Upon which *Mr. Oldmixon* has not spar'd a reflection, "That the putting the *Laurel* on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the Judgment and justice of those who bestow'd it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screen'd him from this unmannerly reflection. *Mr. Eusden* was made *Laureate* for the same reason that

84 The D U N C I A D. Book I.

In each she marks her image full express, 105
But chief, in *Tibbald's* monster-breeding breast;

R E M A R K S.

Mr. Tibbald was made *Hero* of This Poem, because there was no better to be had. Nor ought *Mr. Oldmixon* to complain, so long after, that the *Laurel* would better have become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter.

— *In rust'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I the true Laureate to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd, that till then he ne'er beard of his name.*
Session of Poets.

Of *Blackmore*, see book 2. verse 256. Of *Philips*, book 3. verse 322.

Nabum Tate was Poet-Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention, but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by *Mr. Dryden*. In his second part of *Ab-salom* and *Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another Author here mention'd.

V. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad.]* This is by no means to be understood literally, as if *Mr. Dennis* were really mad, according to the Narrative of *Dr. Norris* in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies, vol 3. No — it is spoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madness*, so often mention'd by *Plato*, that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which *Mr. D.* hath, in his time, been high-

Book I. The DUNCIAD. 85

Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

REMARKS.

ly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. *Arth.* [See notes on book 2. verse 256]

SCRIBL.

V. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.* Mr. Theobald in the *Censor*, vol. 2. No. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be look'd on as more the object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man (*I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared*) suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should in compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill nature. — Poor *Furius* (*again*) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the Ancients. His very *panegyrick* is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who never would have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mention'd in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a

86 The D U N C I A D. Book I.

She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he fate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate; 110

R E M A R K S.

taste of his stile may be satisfactory to the curious.
“ A young squab, short gentleman, whose outward
“ form though it should be that of downright men-
“ key, would not differ so much from human shape,
“ as his unthinking immaterial part does from human
“ understanding. — He is as stupid and as venomous
“ as a hunchbacked toad — A book through which
“ folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and im-
“ potent, do ridiculously look very big, and very dull,
“ and strut, and hobble cheek by jowl, with their
“ arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and
“ bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence.”
Reflect. on the Essay on Crit. pag. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this
Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. “ I regard
“ him (saith he) as an *Enemy*, not so much to me, as
“ to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and
“ to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of
“ my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes
“ pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemick *Mad-
“ ness of the times*, have given him *Reputation*, and
“ Reputation (as *Hobbs* says) is *Power*, and *that has
“ made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my
“ duty to *King George*, whose faithful subject I am;
“ to my *Country*, of which I have appeared a con-
“ stant lover; to the *Laws*, under whose protection
“ I have so long lived; and to the *Liberty* of my
“ *Country*, more dear than life to me, of which I

Book I. The DUNCIAD. 87

Stodious he fate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

REMARKS.

“ have now for forty years been a constant asserter, &c.
“ I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do — you
“ *shall see what* — to pull the lion’s skin from this
“ little As, which popular error has thrown round
“ him; and to shew, that this Author who has been
“ lately so much in vogue, has neither *sense in his*
“ *thoughts, nor english in his expressions.*” DENNIS.
Rem. on *Hom.* Pref. p. 2. and p. 91, &c.

Besides these publick-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which by his manner of expressing it in page 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life, from the machinations of the said Mr. P. “ The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl my Bookseller. — “ However, what my reason has suggested to me, “ that I have with a just *confidence* said, in defiance “ of his two clandestine weapons, his *Slander* and his “ *Poyson.*” Which last words of his book plainly discover, Mr. D. his suspicion was that of being *poysoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him. Of which fact, see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poyson on the body of Edmund Curl*; printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two-pence, called, *A true character of Mr. Pope*

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.

R E M A R K S.

and his writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716. in the tenth page whereof he is said, "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases, which he himself gave them by administering Poyson to them;" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking way-laying coward, "and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have render'd him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all christian people.

For the rest, Mr. *John Dennis* was the son of a Sadler in *London*, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. *Dryden*; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. *Wycherly* and Mr. *Congreve*, he immediately obliged the publick with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer; it is given us as follows. "Mr. *Dennis* is excellent at pindarick writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound Learning. That he is master of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince *Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears, that he writ Plays "more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS of himself. See *Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets*, page 68, 69. compared with page 286.

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay, 115
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay:

REMARKS.

V. 106. *But chief in Tibbald.*] *Lewis Tibbald* (as pronounced) or *Theobald* (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr. *Jacob*) of *Sittenburn in Kent*. He was Author of many forgotten Plays, Poems, and other pieces, and of several anonymous Letters in praise of them in *Mist's Journal*. He was concern'd in a Paper call'd the *Censor*, and a translation of *Ovid*, as we find from *DENNIS's* remarks on *Pope's Homer*, p. 9, 10.. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight *Whackum*, who from an under-spur-leather to the Law, is become an under-strapper to the Play house, who has lately burlesqu'd the *Metamorphoses of Ovid* by a vile translation, &c. "This fellow is concern'd in an impertinent Paper called the *Censor*." But notwithstanding this severe character, another Critic says of him, "That he has given us some pieces which met with approbation: and that *the Cave of Poverty* is an excellent Poem." *JACOB Lives of the Poets*, vol. 2. p. 211. He had

IMITATIONS.

V. 115. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*] *Milt.* l. 1.

———— Round he throws his eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.

The progress of a bad Poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in *Milton*) thro' a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties, not its own. 120

REMARKS.

once a mind to translate the *Odyssy*, the first book whereof was printed in 1717 by *B. Lintot*, and probably may yet be seen at his shop. What is still in memory is a piece printed in 4to, 1726; it had the title of *Shakespear Restored*: Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8. "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27. "That whatever care might for the future be taken either by Mr. P. or any other assistants, he would still give above 500 emendations that *shall* escape them all." During two whole years while Mr. *Pope* was preparing his edition, he publish'd Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal that he had any such design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26. 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints,

IMITATIONS.

V. 120. — admires new beauties not its own.]
 Virg. Geor. 2.
 Miraturque novas frondes & non sua poma.

Book I. The DUNCIAD. 91

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great :
There, stamp'd with arms, *Newcastle* shines compleat :

REMARKS.

that our Author had joined with the Bookfeller to raise an *extravagant subscription* ; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publickly advertised in his own Proposals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren ; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefix'd to this work.

V. 106. — *monster-breeding breast.*] This alludes to the extravagancy of the Farces of that author ; in which he alone could properly be represented as successor to *Settle*, who had written *Pope Joan*, *St. George for England*, and other pieces for *Bartlemew-Fair*. See book 3. p. 279.

V. 109. — *supperless he sate.*] It is amazing how the sense of this has been mistaken by all the former Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity ! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of *Homer's Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refin'd, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author : It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what *Boswell* calls a *disguised sentence*,

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;

REMARKS.

that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of Poesy brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompass'd with books, but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 117. *Volumes, whose size, &c.*] This library is divided into two parts; the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem to be the models of his poetry, and are prefer'd for one of these three reasons (usual with collectors of Libraries) that they suited the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures: The other class our author calls solid learning; old bodies of Philosophy, old Commentators, old english Printers, or old english Translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulness.

V. 121. — Ogilby *the great.*] "John Ogilby was
"one, who from a late initiation into literature, made
"such a progress as might well stile him the *Prodigy* of
"his time! sending into the world so many *large Vo-*
"lumes! His translations of *Homer* and *Virgil*, done
"to the life, and with such excellent sculptures! and
"(what added great grace to his works) he printed
"them all on *special good paper*, and in a *very good*
"letter."

WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets.*

A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome 125
Well purg'd, and worthy *Withers*, *Quarles*, and *Blome*.

But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkin* at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide, 130

R E M A R K S.

V. 122. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat.*] “The Dutchess of Newcastle was one who
“ busied her self in the ravishing delights of Poetry;
“ leaving to posterity in print three ample Volumes of
“ her studious endeavours.” WINSTANLY, *ibid*,
Langbaine reckons up eight Folio's of her Grace's;
which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and
had her coat of arms upon them.

V. 126. — *worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.*] “*George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical
“ zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the
“ greatest personages in power, which brought upon
“ him frequent Correction. The *Marbalsea* and *New-*
“ gate were no strangers to him.” WINSTANLY.
Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man.
Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

V. 129, *Caxton.*] A Printer in the time of *Edw. 4.*
Rich. 3. and *Hen. 7.* *Wynkin de Word*, his successor,
in that of *Hen. 7.* and 8. The former translated into
prose *Virgil's Aeneis* as a history; of which he speaks
in his Proeme in a very singular manner, as of a book
hardly known. “Happened that to my hande cam a
lytyl book in frenshe. whiche late was translated out of

There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Old Bodies of Philosophy appear :
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here, the groaning shelves *Philemon* bends.

REMARKS.

latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerk *Vyrgyle*) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete *Troy*, *Eneas* departed berynge his olde fader *anchises* upon his sholdres, his lytyl son *jolas* on his hande. his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed wyth alle thystorye of his aduentures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of *ytalye*, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present boke. In whiche booke I had grete playtyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenshe, Whiche I neuer sawe to fore lyke. ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requysyte to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the histories. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis specyally in *ytalye* and other places, which historye the said *Vyrgyle* made in metre."

Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal* of March 16, 1728, concerning a *straunge and mer-vayllouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*.

V. 133. *Nich. de Lyra*, or *Harpsfeld*, a very voluminous commentator, whose works in five vast folio's were printed in 1472.

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 95

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 135
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
 Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
 An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns : A folio Common-place
 Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base; 140
 Quarto's, octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre ;
 And last, a little *Ajax* tips the spire.

Then he. Great Tamer of all human art !
 First in my care, and nearest at my heart :
 Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend, 145
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end !

REMARKS.

V. 134. "*Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Physick. He
 " translated *so many books*, that a man would think he
 " had done *nothing else*, infomuch that he might be cal-
 " led *Translator-general of his age*. The books alone of
 " his turning into *English*, are sufficient to make a
 " *Country Gentleman a compleat Library*. WINSTANL.
 V. 142. *A little Ajax*.] In *duodecimo*, translated from
Sophocles by Tibbald.

IMITATIONS.

V. 146. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall*
end.] Virg. Ecl. 8.

A te principium, tibi desinet — from *Theoc.*

Ἐν Δίδῳ ἀρχόμεθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγῃσι, Μῦσαι.
 So *Horace*.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende camæna.

O thou, of business the directing soul,
 To human heads like byass to the bowl,
 Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view. 150
 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
 Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Ah! still o'er *Britain* stretch that peaceful wand, 155
 Which lulls th' *Helvetian* and *Batavian* land;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies:
 There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make *Horace* flat, and humble *Maro's* strains; 160
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,

REMARKS.

V. 162. *Nor sleeps one error* — Old puns restore,
lost blunders, &c.] As where he laboured to prove
Shakespeare guilty of terrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Co-*
nundrums, which Time had cover'd; and conversant in
 such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkin*, rather than in *Ho-*
mer or *Chaucer*. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence
 to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He de-*
serv'd to be whipt. An insolence which nothing sure
 can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved
 to have declared before company, that *Shakespeare* was
 a Rascal. O tempora! O mores.

SCRIBLERUS.

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 97

Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor *Shakespear* once a week.
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head, 165
With all such reading as was never read;

R E M A R K S.

V. 164. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Miss's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. He since published an edition of *Shakespear*, with alterations of the Text, upon bare conjectures either of his own, or any others who sent them to him, to which Mr. *M.* alludes in these Verses of his excellent Poem on Verbal Criticism,

*He with low industry goes gleaning on,
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother Bookworm so, on shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul —
Such the grave bird in northern seas is found,
(Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound)
Where're the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;
With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With such choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.*

V. 166. *With all such reading as was never read.*] Such as *Caxton* above mention'd, the three destructions of *Troy* by *Wykin*, and other like classics.

For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it; 170
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
 Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
 My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successless prove, 175
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below; 180

R E M A R K S.

V. 168. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.*] As to *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him: And to *Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.

V. 177. *As forc'd from wind guns.*] The Thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely writ at fourteen years old, and soon after printed, To the author of a poem call'd *Successo*,) where they stand thus,

*The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
 As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.
 —So forc'd from engines lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs move nimbly thro' the sky.*

Me, emptiness and dulness could inspire,
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the *Grubstreet*-state.
 But see great *Settle* to the dust descend, 185
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Cou'd *Troy* be sav'd by any single hand,
 His gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 But what can I? my *Flaccus* cast aside,
 Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) guide? 190
 Or rob the *Roman* geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
 Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty *Mist*! am thine,

R E M A R K S.

V. 189. *My Flaccus.*] A familiar manner of speaking used by modern critics of a favourite author. Mr. T. might as justly speak thus of *Horace*, as a French wit did of *Tully*, seeing his works in a library. *Ab! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien: c'est le meme que Marc Tulle.*

V. 190. *Take up th' Attorney's Guide.*] In allusion to his first profession of an attorney.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 183. *Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 2.

*Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
 Has mihi servassent sedes. —*

V. 187. *Could Troy be sav'd — His gray-goose weapon.*] Virg. *ibid.*

*— Si Pergama dextra
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

And rival, *Curtius!* of thy fame and zeal, 195
 O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
 Adieu my children! better thus expire
 Unfall'd, unfold, thus glorious mount in fire

R E M A R K S.

V. 191. *Or rob the Roman geese, &c.*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which *Virgil*, *Æn.* 8.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

a passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the *Virgilian* majesty? and what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat*. *Virgil* gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird in *Ec.* 9.

— *argutos interstrepere anser olores.*

Read it therefore *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it, *auritis*. *Horace* uses the same epithet in the same sense,

— *Auritas fidibus canoris*

Ducere quercus.

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.

S C R I B L.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 197. *Adieu my children! &c.*] *Virg.* *Æn.* 3.

— *Felix Priamēa virgo!*

Iussa mort: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.

Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with *Ward* to ape and monkey lands, 200
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

With that, he list'd thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes; 205
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.

R E M A R K S.

V. 194. *Mighty Mist!*] *Nathaniel Mist* was publisher of a famous Tory paper (see notes on l. 3) in which this author was sometimes permitted to have a part.

V. 197. *Adieu my children!*] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

V. 200. *Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey land.*] "*Edward Ward*, a very voluminous poet in humorous verse, but best known by the *London Spy*,

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 202. *And visit alehouse.*] *Waller* on the navy,
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

Ver. 203. — *He list'd thrice the sparkling brand,*
And thrice he dropt it. —]

Ovid of *Althæa* on the like occasion, burning her offspring,

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cæpta quater tenuit.

102 The D U N C I A D. Book I.

The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old *Memnon*, now *Rodrigo* burns,

R E M A R K S.

“ in prose. He has of late years kept a publick house
“ in the City (but in a genteel way) and with his wit,
“ humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his guests
“ a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the
“ high-church party.” J A C O B *Lives of Poets*, vol. 2.
p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold
into the plantations. *Ward* in a book call’d *Apollo’s*
Maggot, declar’d this account to be a great falsity, pro-
testing that his publick house was not in the *City*,
but in *Moorfields*.

V. 208. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,*
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take
fire, as appears by these lines with which he begins the
play,

By heav’n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk. —

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother*
(a play written between T. and a Watchmaker.) The
Rape of Proserpine, one of the farces of this author,
in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endanger-
ed the burning of the play-house.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 208. *Now flames old Memnon, &c.]* Virg. *Æn.* 2.

— *Jam. Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam*
Vulcano superante, domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon. —

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 103

In one quick flash see *Proserpine* expire,
And last, his own cold *Æschylus* took fire. 210
Then gush'd the tears, as from the *Trojan's* eyes
When the last blaze sent *Ilion* to the skies.

R E M A R K S.

V. 210. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.*] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

*Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky dog!
Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log.*

But this is a grievous error, for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise. *teste* Val. Max. l. 9. cap. 12. SCRIBL.

V. 212. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See *Virgil Æn.* 2. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of *Troy's* destruction, rather than in *Wynkin*. But I caution him alike in both, to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse*; there never having been any such thing. For first it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*, and secondly it was

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head;
 Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of *Thulè* from her bed,
 Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre: 215
 Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

R E M A R K S.

not a horſe, but a *mare*. This is clear from many
 verſes in *Virgil*,

Uterum armato milite complent —

Incluſos utero Danaos —

Can a horſe be ſaid *Utero gerere*? Again,

Uteroque recuſſo Inſonuerè cava —

Atque utero ſonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay is it not expreſſy ſaid,

Scandit fatalis machina muros

Fœta armis —

How is it poſſible the word *fœta* can agree with a
 horſe? and indeed can it be conceived, that the chaſte
 and virgin Goddeſs *Pallas* would employ her ſelf in
 forming and faſhioning the Male of that ſpecies? But
 this ſhall be prov'd to a demonſtration in our *Virgil*
Reſtored. SCRIBLER.

V. 214. *Thulè*] An unfinished poem of that name,
 of which one ſheet was printed fifteen years ago; by
Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an uſual me-
 thod of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it:
 Some critics have been of opinion, that this ſheet was
 of the nature of the *Asbeſtos*, which cannot be conſumed
 by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allu-
 ſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
 She looks, and breathes her self into their airs. 220
 She bids her wait him to the sacred Dome;
 Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
 So Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat, 225
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat,

R E M A R K S.

V. 221. — *the sacred dome.*] The *Cave of Poverty* above-mention'd; where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as *Plato* says the spirits shall do, at their entrance into the celestial regions. His dialogue of the Immortality of the soul was translated by T. in the familiar modern stile of *Prithee Phædo*, and *For God's sake Socrates*: printed for B. Lintot, 1713.

V. 226. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.*] He writ a poem call'd the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguish'd merit may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 219. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs*

She looks, and breathes her self into their airs.]

Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri

Cælicolis, & quanta solet ——— Virg. Æn. 2.

Et lætos oculis afflarat honores. ——— Id. Æn. 1.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shews ;
 Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loitring into prose ;
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind : 230
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away.
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape, 235
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to *France*, and none to *Rome* or *Greece*,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Congreve*, and *Corneille*,
 Can make a *Cibber*, *Johnson*, or *Ozell*. 240

R E M A R K S.

[V. 240. *Can make a Cibber*.] “ Mr. Colly Cibber,
 “ an author and actor, of a good share of wit, and
 “ *uncommon vivacity*, which are much improved by
 “ the *conversation* he enjoys, which is of the Best.”
 JACOB *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 38. Besides two
 volumes of plays in 4to. he has made up and trans-
 lated several others. Mr. *Jacob* omitted to remark,
 that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy.

[V. 240. — *Johnson*.] “ *Charles Johnson*, famous
 “ for writing a play every season, and for being at
 “ *Button's* every day : he had probably thriven better
 “ in his vocation, had he been a small matter leaner :
 “ he may justly be called a martyr to obesity, and to
 “ have fallen a victim to the rotundity of his parts.”

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed;

R E M A R K S.

CHARACT. of the TIMES, p. 19. Some of his plays are, *Love in a Forest* (*Shakespear's As you like it*) *Wife's Relief* (*Shirley's Gamester*) *The Victim* (*Racine's Iphigenia*) *The Sultaneſs* (*Racine's Bajazet*, the prologue to which abused Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Gay*) *The Cobler of Preſton*, his own.

V. 240. — Or Ozell.] “ Mr. *John Ozell*, if we
“ credit Mr. *Jacob*, did go to ſchool in *Leiceſterſhire*,
“ where ſomebody left him ſomething to live on, when
“ he ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to
“ be ſent to *Cambridge* in order for prieſthood; but
“ he choſe rather to be placed in an office of accounts
“ in the City, being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill
“ in *arithmetick*, and writing the neceſſary hands.
“ He has oblig'd the world with many tranſlations of
“ French plays.” *JACOB Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. *Jacob's* character of Mr. *Ozell*, ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits; and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20. 1729. in a paper call'd the *Weekly Medley*, &c.
“ As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and
“ every body knows, that the whole bench of Biſhops,
“ not long ago, were pleas'd to give me a purſe of
“ guineas, for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations
“ of the common-prayer in *Portugueſe*, *Spaniſh*, *French*,
“ *Italian*, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. *Cleland*
“ ſhew better verſes in all *Pope's* works than *Ozell's*
“ verſion of *Bailean's Lutrin*, which the late Lord

And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl!
 Something betwixt a *Heideggre* and owl,
 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again, 245
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, *Settle* cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of antient days,

REMARKS.

“ *Halifax* was so pleas'd with, that he complimented .
 “ him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. &c. Let
 “ him shew better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the*
 “ *Lock*, than in *Ozell's Rape of the Bucket*, (*la Secchia*
 “ *rapita*) which, because an ingenious author hap-
 “ pen'd to mention in the same breath with *Pope's*, viz.
 “ *Let Ozell sing the Bucket*, *Pope the Lock*, the little
 “ Gentleman had like to run mad. — And Mr. *To-*
 “ *land* and Mr. *Gildon* publickly declar'd, *Ozell's*
 “ translation of *Homer to be*, as it was prior, so like-
 “ wise superior to *Pope's*. — Surely, surely, every
 “ man is free to deserve well of his country!

JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimo-
 nies, as those of the *bench of Bishops*, Mr. *Toland*, and
 Mr. *Gildon*.

V. 244. *A Heideggre*.] A strange bird from *Swiz-*
zerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of
 an eminent person who was a man of parts, and as was
 said of *Petronius*, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Book I. The D U N C I A D. 109

Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched *Withers*, *Banks*, and *Gildon* rest, 250
And high-born *Howard*, more majestic fire,
Impatient waits, till * * grace the quire.
I see a chief, who leads my chosen sons,
All arm'd with points, antitheses and puns!
I see a Monarch, proud my race to own ! 255
A Nursing-mother, born to rock the throne!

R E M A R K S.

V. 250. *Banks*.] was author of the play of the Earl of *Essex*, *Ann Boleyn*, &c. He followed the law, as a solicitor, like *Tibbald*.

V. 250. *Gildon*.] *Charles Gildon*, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at *St. Omer's* with the Jesuits, but renouncing popery, he publish'd *Blount's* books against the divinity of Christ, the *Oracles of reason*, &c. He signaliz'd himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. *P.* very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. *Wycherley* printed by *Curl*, in another called the *New Rehearsal* printed in 1714, in a third entitled the *Compleat Art of English Poetry* in two volumes, and others.

V. 251 — *Howard*.] Hon. *Edward Howard*, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of *Dorset* and *Rocheſter*, Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr. *Waller*, &c.

V. 252. *Impatient waits, till * * grace the quire.*] The reader may supply this verse with *H—y* or *V—y*,

Schools, courts, and senates shall my laws obey,
 Till *Albion*, as *Hibernia*, bless my sway.
 She ceas'd: her owls responsive clap the wing,
 And *Grubstreet* garrets roar, God save the king. 260
 So when *Jove's* block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great fore-father, *Ogilby*,)

R E M A R K S.

which he pleases, two Noble Men who lifted themselves with the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, but whether noble Writers, may be judged by their works; a paper call'd *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from Hampton-Court*, and another intitled, *Dunces out of State*, both printed in 1733.

V. 256. *A Nursing-mother*.] Some understand this of *Alma Mater*, (who is said in lib. 3. to be dissolv'd in *Port*) others of *Mother Osborne*.

V. 258. *As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby*.] See his *Æsop. Fab.* where this excellent hemyptic is to be found. Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage perhaps in all that ever *Ogilby* writ; which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his *Poems*, 4to. 1717. where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be
 " said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: What we
 " call a *Genius* is hard to be distinguish'd, by a man

Book I. The D U N C I A D. III

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

R E M A R K S.

“ himself, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be
“ never so great, he can at first discover it no other
“ way than by that strong propensity, which renders
“ him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no
“ other method but to make the experiment by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others:
“ And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly
“ no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object
“ of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect,
“ that even the worst authors might endeavour to
“ please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something
“ at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with
“ them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even
“ that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For
“ their particular friends may be either ignorant, or
“ unsincere; and the rest of the world too well-bred,
“ to shock them with a truth which generally their
“ booksellers are the first that inform them of.”

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people, may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct, and constant fate, in the following Epigram.

*Ye little wits, that gleam'd a-while,
When P—pe vouchsaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!*

*To compass Phœbus car about,
Thus empty vapours rise ;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out
That rear'd him to the Skies.
Alas ! those Skies are not your sphere ;
There, He shall ever burn :
Weep, weep and fall ! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return.*

End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT to BOOK the SECOND.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with publick games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing according to Homer Odyss. 24. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) 'Hither flock the Poets and Criticks, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased for her disport to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents: next, the Game for a Poetess: then follow the exercises for the Poets, of

tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty authors. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth: till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS ON BOOK the SECOND.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all Verbal criticism is founded

IMITATIONS.

V. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton,
 lib. 2.

*High on a throne of royal state, that far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show'rs on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, ———*

Book II. The DUNCIAD. 115

Or that, where on her *Curls* the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs :

REMARKS.

and supported : The first, that an author could never fail to use the *best word*, on every occasion : The second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know, *which that is?* This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first that the author could *never have us'd it*, and secondly, that he must have used *that very one* which we conjecture in its stead.

We cannot therefore enough admire the learned *Scriblerus*, for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus,

*Hoarse thunder to the bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log!*

He has with great judgment tranposed these two epithets, putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

V. 2. *Henley's gilt Tub.*] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator *Henley* was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book 3. verse 195.

116 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Great *Tibbald* nods : The proud *Parnassian* sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.
 Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round, 10
Rome in her Capitol saw *Querno* fit,
 Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit.

R E M A R K S.

V. 2. *Or Fleckno's Irish Throne.*] *Richard Fleckno* was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of *Mr. Dryden*, to which this bears some resemblance; tho' of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of *Boileau* from the *Defaits des Bouts rimeés* of *Sarazin*.

V. 3. *Or that, where on her Curls the public pours.*] *Edm. Curl* stood in the pillory at *Charing-Cross*, in *March*, 1727-8,

Mr. Curl loudly complain'd of this note as an untruth, protesting, "that he stood in the pillory not " in *March* but in *February*;" And of another on verse 144. "Saying, he was not tost in a *blanket*, but a " *rug*." *Curliad* in 120. 1729. p. 19 and 25.

V. 11. *Rome in her capitol saw Querno fit.*] *Camillo Querno* was of *Apulia*, who hearing the great encouragement which *Leo* the tenth gave to poets, tra-

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 117

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
 By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
 She summons all her sons: An endless band 15
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
 A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots, 20
 All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
 And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that Area wide she took her stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the *Strand*;
 But now, so ANNE and piety ordain, 25
 A church collects the saints of *Drury-lane*.

R E M A R K S.

vell'd to *Rome* with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem call'd *Alexias*. He was introduc'd as a buffoon to *Leo*, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest, which the court of *Rome* and the Pope himself enter'd into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JUVIUS, *Elog. Virg. doct. ch. 82*. Some idea of his poetry is given by *Fam. Strada* in his *Prolusions*.

118 The DUNCIAD. Book II.

With authors, Stationers, obey'd the call,
 The field of glory is a field for all;
 Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke; 30
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
 And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre, muse-rid mepe, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise, 33
 Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-bodied air,

IMITATIONS.

V. 31. *A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes.]*
 This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn.* 10.
Tum dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimilat capitis — Dat inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum —

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary: There ſeems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an one is imag'd by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting Bookſeller.

V. 35. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards.] Virg.* 12.
Vix illud lecti his ſex —
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead, 40
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, *More*.

R E M A R K S.

V. 43. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a *wit*, (which could be done no other way than by *chance*.) The fiction is the more reconcil'd to probability by the known story of *Apelles*, who being at a loss to express the foam of *Alexander's* horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happen'd to do it by that fortunate stroke.

V. 46. *And call'd the phantom, More.*] *CURL* in his key to the *Dunciad*, affirm'd this to be *James More Smith, Esq;* and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir (said the thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose me, I did "it for mere want: be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing."

120 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

All gaze with ardour: some, a poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

R E M A R K S.

The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See
" gentlemen! what a thief we have among us! look,
" he is stealing my handkerchief."

The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the
following Epigram:

*M—re always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes;
And yet in this no Vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.*

His only work was a comedy call'd the *Rival Modes*;
the town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed
it in 1726-7 with this modest Motto,

Hic cæsus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to
this author, are, An Epigram on the bridge at *Blenheim*,
by Dr. *Evans*: *Cosmelia*, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c.
The *Saw-pit*, a simile, by a *Friend*, and some unown'd
letters, advertisements and epigrams against our author
in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the per-
son imagin'd by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we can-
not be of that opinion; since our poet had certainly
no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself
which every reader had done for him; since the name
itself is not spell'd *Moore* but *More*; and lastly, since
the learned *Scriblerus* has so well prov'd the contrary.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 121

But lofty *Lintot* in the circle rose;
 " This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes: 50
 " With me began this genius, and shall end."
 He spoke, and who with *Lintot* shall contend!
 Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear
 Stood dauntless *Curl*, " Behold that rival here!

R E M A R K S.

V. 46. *The phantom, More.*] It appears from hence that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μωρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus *Erasmus*: *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriae vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Moriæ Encomion* to Sir *Tho. More*; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, *Vale More! & Moriam tuam gnaviter defende. Adieu More, and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.*

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 49. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the Bookfellers: persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. *Lintot* here imitates that of *Dares* in *Virgil*, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull*. This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* above-mentioned.

V. 54. *Stood dauntless Curl, &c.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. *Edmond Curl*. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man,

" The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won ; 55

" So take the hindmost Hell — He said, and run.

REMARKS.

that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possess'd himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caus'd them to write what he pleas'd; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be own'd that he is here introduc'd with all possible dignity; he speaks like the intrepid *Diomed*; he runs like the swift-footed *Achilles*; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved *Nisus*; and (what *Homer* makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favour'd of the *Gods*: He says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a

IMITATIONS.

V. 54, &c. Something like this is in *Homer II. 10. ver. 220.* of *Diomed*. Two different manners of the same author in his families are also imitated in the two following; the first of the Bailiff is short, unadorn'd, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second of the Water-fowl more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 55th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in *Homer*.

V. 56. *So take the hindmost Hell.*] *Horace de Art.*
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge *Lintot*, and out-strip'd the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; 60
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With legs expanded *Bernard* urg'd the race,
 And seem'd to emulate great *Jacob's* pace.

REMARKS.

Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of *Jupiter*: tho' he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother her ſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as *Achilles* receives from *Thetis* and *Aeneas* from *Venus*) at once inſtructive and prophetic: After this, he is unrival'd and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him, is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the publick affairs, and many

IMITATIONS.

V. 60. On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades,
 and hops;

So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head.] Milton, lib. 2.

— So eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog, o'er ſleep, thro' ſtrait, rough, denſe or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
 And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 65
Which *Curl's Corinna* chanc'd that morn to make:

R E M A R K S.

excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he ow'd two verses to any other, he ow'd Mr. *Curl* some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances! but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court-Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threaten'd, and afterwards punish'd for it by Mr. *Pope*, he generously transferr'd it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to *C.* was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owes all the favours since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr. *Sydenham*, that
“any one shall be, at some time or other, the better
“or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good,
“or a bad man.”

V. 66. *Curl's Corinna.*] This name it seems was taken by one Mrs. T —, who procur'd some private letters of Mr. *Pope's*, while almost a boy, to Mr. *Cromwell*, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to *Curl*, who printed them in 120. 1727. He has discover'd her to be the publisher in his *Key*, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 125

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortun'd *Curl* to slide; loud shout the band,
And *Bernard ! Bernard !* rings thro' all the *Strand*. 73
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :

R E M A R K S.

judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

V. 71. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Tho' this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of *Homer* and *Virgil*; the very words *Οὐδ' ἄρα* and *Fimus* are used by them, tho' our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enrich'd and colour'd his language, as well as rais'd the versification, in these two Episodes. Mr. *Dryden* in *Mack-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention *the Morning Toast* at

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 69. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*] *Virg. Æn. 5.* of *Nisus*.

Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis

Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas —

Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.

V. 70. *And Bernard ! Bernard !*] *Virg. Ecl. 6.*

— Ut litius, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear *Jove*! whose name my bards and I adore, 75
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

R E M A R K S.

which the fishes bite in the *Thames*, *Pissing-Alley*, *Reliques of the Bum*, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of *Virgil* in his *Georgics*) *tosses about his dung with an air of majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be higher than *tickling*, *chatt'ring*, *braying*, or *diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportion'd to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Ajax* and *Nisus*, the persons drawn in this plight are *heroes*; whereas here they are such, with whom it had been great impropriety to have join'd any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between *Libellers* and common nufances. Nevertheless I have often heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleas'd him least: but that he hoped 'twas excusable, since levell'd at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to *swear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenches.

V. 78. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, *Curl's* sign, the Cross-keys, *Lintot's*,

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 127

A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
Where from *Ambrosia*, *Jove* retires for ease. 80
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky, 85
With reams abundant this abode supply ;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that *Ichor* which from Gods distils.

In office here fair *Cloacina* stands,
And ministers to *Jove* with purest hands ; 90

IMITATIONS.

V. 79. See *Lucian's Icaro-Menippus* ; where this fiction is more extended.

V. id. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas.*]
Ovid. Met. 12.

*Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cælestesque plagas —*

V. 88. Alludes to *Homer, Iliad. 5.*

— ῥέε δ' Ἀμβροσίον ἄμα Θέοιο,
Ἰχὼς, οἷον πέρ τε ῥέει μανθρεσσὶ θεοῖσιν.

*A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguin, such as celestial spirits may bleed. Milton.*

V. 89. *Cloacina.*] The Roman Goddess of the common-shores.

128 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 (Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet.)
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force, 95
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Re-passes *Lintot*, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face. 100
 And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!

IMITATIONS.

V. 93. *Oft as he fish'd, &c.*] See the preface to *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies.

V. 96. *As oil'd with magic juices.*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments us'd by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

V. 105. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*] *Virg. Æn.* 5.

— *faciem ostentabat, & udo*
Turpia membra fimo —

V. 130. *A shapeless shade, &c.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

— *Effugit imago,*
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 129

To seize his papers, *Curl*, was next thy care ; 105
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air :
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
 And whisk 'em back to *Evans*, *Young*, and *Swift*.
 Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey ;
 That suit, an unpaid taylor snatch'd away ! 110

R E M A R K S.

V. 210. *An unpaid Taylor.*] This line has been loudly complain'd of in *Mist*, June 8. *Dedic. to Sawney*, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets : but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen ; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here apply'd it was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment* : which Mr. *Dennis* so far asserts : as boldly to pronounce, that “ if *Homer* himself was “ not in debt, it was because no body would trust “ him.” (*Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15.)

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 106. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air.*] *Virg* 6. of the *Sybil's* leaves,

Carmina — turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

The persons mention'd in the next line are some of those, whose writings, epigrams or jests he had own'd. See note on verse 46.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter : Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.

Three wicked imps of her own *Grubstreet* choir 115

She deck'd like *Congreve*, *Addison* and *Prior*;

Mears, *Warner*, *Wilkins* run : delusive thought!

Breval, *Besaleel*, *Bond*, the varlets caught.

Curl stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone,

He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a *John* : 120

R E M A R K S.

V. 116. *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary. — *Besaleel Morris* was author of some satires on the translators of *Homer*, with many other things printed in news-papers. —

“ *Bond* writ a satire against Mr. P — Capt. *Breval*

“ was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic

“ performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. *Gay*, Dr. *Arb.*

“ and some ladies of quality, says *CURL*, *Key*, p. 11.

V. 117. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

V. 118. *Breval, Besaleel, Bond.*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on verse 46. of this book, that *More* was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader! these also are not real persons. 'Tis true *Curl* declares *Breval*, a

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 131

So *Proteus*, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess. Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.

As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade, 125

By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,

(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at *Paris*

Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady *Mary's*)

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;

Cook shall be *Prior*, and *Concanen*, *Swift*; 130

R E M A R K S.

captain, author of a piece call'd *The Confederates*: But the same *Curl* first said it was written by *Joseph Gay*: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms *Bond* to be one who writ a satire on our poet; but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for *Besaleel*, it carries forgery in the very name, nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend on it no such authors ever lived: all phantoms!

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 120. *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by *Curl* before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. *Gay's*.

V. 124. *And turn this whole Illusion on the town.*] It was a common practice of this bookseller, to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

V. 130. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specify'd was the son of a *Muggletonian*, who kept a pub-

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison*.

REMARKS.

lick house at *Braintree* in *Essex*. He writ a thing call'd *The Battle of Poets*, of which *Philips* and *Wells* were the heroes, and wherein our author was attack'd in his moral character, in relation to his *Homer* and *Shakespear*: He writ moreover a farce of *Penelope*, in the preface of which also he was squinted at, and some malevolent things in the *British*, *London* and *Daily Journals*. At the same time the honest gentleman wrote letters to Mr. *P.* in the strongest terms protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which *Theobald* writ notes, and half-notes, as hath already been said.

V. *ibid.* And *Concanen*, *Swift*.] In the first edition of this poem there were only Asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

V. 132. And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison*.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has celebrated *Sir Isaac Newton*, *Mr. Dryden*, *Mr. Congreve*, *Mr. Wycherley*, *Dr. Garth*, *Mr. Walsb*, *Duke of Buckingham*, *Mr. Addison*, *Lord Lansdown*; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserv'd it. It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he found means to insert their panegyrick, and has made even dulcifs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate *Dr. Garth*; both as his constant friend,

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 133

With that, she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.)

R E M A R K S.

and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The *Dispensary* attack'd the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets (if in truth this can be call'd a body, of which no two members ever agreed.) It also did what Mr. *Theobald* says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would *Boileau* have incurr'd his censure, who left all subjects whatever on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets; which it is to be fear'd would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that one way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines, address'd to our author.

*The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us, which way blows the wind.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 133. — piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.)

Virg. *Æn.* 5.

—— Rist pater optimus illi.

Me liceat casum miserare infantis amici —

Sic fatus, Gætuli tergum immane leonis, &c.

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A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread 135
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

R E M A R K S.

*Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.*

V. 134 *Ruful length of face.*] “ The decrepid
“ person or figure of a man are no reflections upon
“ his *Genius*: An honest mind will love and esteem
“ a *man of worth*, tho' he be deform'd or poor. Yet
“ the author of the Dunciad hath libell'd a person for
“ his *ruful length of face*!” MIST'S JOURN. June 8.
This *Genius* and *man of worth* whom an honest mind
should love, is Mr. *Curl*. True it is, he stood in the
Pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of
any man tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no
reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. *Curl*. But as
to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. *Dennis*
saith excellently; “ Natural deformity comes not
“ by our fault; 'tis often occasion'd by calamities and
“ diseases, which a man can no more help, than a
“ monster can his deformity. There is no one mis-
“ fortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest
“ of mankind are subject to. ——— But the deformity
“ of *this Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable,
“ and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 135

Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure,

R E M A R K S.

“ Nature upon him, to give us warning that we
“ should hold no society with him, as a creature not
“ of our original, nor of our species : And they who
“ have refused to take this warning which God and
“ Nature have given them, and have in spite of it by
“ a senseless presumption ventur'd to be familiar with
“ him, have severely suffer'd, &c. 'Tis certain his
“ original is not from *Adam*, but from the Devil,” &c.
D E N N I S *Charact. of Mr. P.* 8vo. 1716.

Admirably is it observ'd by Mr. *Dennis* against Mr. *Law*, p. 33. “ That the language of *Billingsgate* can
“ never be the language of Charity, nor consequently
“ of Christianity.” I should else be tempted to use
the language of a Critic : For what is more provok-
ing to a commentator, than to behold his author thus
portrayed ? Yet I consider it really hurts not *him* ;
whereas maliciously to call some others dull, might
do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it.
Therefore tho' Mr. *D.* may call another a *little ass* or
a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion*,
or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes
(as was once my intent) in the learned language, I
might have given him the appellations of *Balatro*,
Calceatum caput, *Scurra in triviis*, being phrases in
good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned :
But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentle-
man of the *Dunciad*, surely it should be in words not
to the vulgar intelligible ; whereby christian charity,
decency, and good accord among authors, might be
preserved.

S C R I B L E R U S.

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Ear-les on high, stood un-abash'd *Defoe*,
And *Tutchin* flagrant from the scourge, below: 140

R E M A R K S.

The good *Scriblerus* here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, whose scurrilities were always personal: They went so far as to libel an eminent sculptor for making our author's *Busto* in marble, at the request of Mr. *Gibbs* the Architect: which rhimes had the undeserv'd honour to be answer'd in an *Impromptu* by the Earl of B——.

*Well Sir, suppose, the Busto's a damn'd head,
Suppose, that Pope's an Elf;
All he can say for't is, he neither made
The Busto, nor Himself.*

And by another Person of Quality.

*Rysbrake, to make a Pope of stone,
Must labour hard and sore;
But it would cost him labour none,
To make a stone of Moer.*

Their scurrilities were of that nature as provoked every honest man but Mr. *Pope*, yet never to be lamented, since they occasion'd the following Amiable Verses.

*While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
It's own celestial fire,
While Critics, and while Bards in rage
Admiring won't admire;*

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 137

There *Ridpath*, *Roper*, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue:

R E M A R K S.

*While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry,
These times tho' many a Friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.*

*But when the World's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame,*

*When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.*

V. 135. *A shaggy Tap'stry.*] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff: like that which is spoken of by *Donne*—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of *Cleanthus*, in *Æn.* 5.

V. 136 *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.*] Of *Codrus* the poet's bed see *Juvenal*, describing his poverty very copiously. *Sat.* 3. v. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

*Codrus had but one bed, so short too boot,
That his short Wife's short legs hung dangling out:
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;*

138 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Himself among the storied Chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,

R E M A R K S.

*And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic Verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.* Dryd.

But *Concanen* in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the *Dunciad*, assures us, that “*Juvenal* never satirized the poverty of *Codrus*.”

John Dunton was a broken bookseller and abusive scribler: he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state; *The danger of a death-bed repentance*, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and on the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

V. 140. *And Tutchin* flagrant from the Scourge.] *John Tutchin*, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper call'd the *Observer*: He was sentenc'd

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 143. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* i.

*Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis —
Constitit & lacrymans. Quis jam locus, inquis, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows 145
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd;
Two babes of love close clinging to her waste; 150

R E M A R K S.

to be whipped thro' several towns in the west of *England*, upon which he petition'd King *James II.* to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasion'd by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen *Anne*.

V. 141. *There* Ridpath, Roper.] Authors of the *Flying-Post* and *Post-Boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately were cudgelled, and deserved it.

V. 143. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c.*] The history of *Curl's* being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of *Westminster*, is ingeniously and pathetically related in a poem entituled, *Neck or Nothing*. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 148. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green.*] A parody on these of a late noble author.

*His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.*

V. 150. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waste.*] Virg. *Æn.* 5.

Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd.
 The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 "The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
 "His be yon *Juno* of majestic size, 155
 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

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and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift's and Pope's Miscell.

V. 149: See in the circle next, *Eliza plac'd*.] In this game is expos'd in the most contemptuous manner the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that Sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of publick fame or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet, (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible: having here drawn as Vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 149. *Eliza Haywood*.] This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, call'd *The Court of Carimania*, and *The New Utopia*. For the two *Babes* of

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 155. ——— Yon *Juno* ———

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to *Homer's* Βοῶπις πότνια Η.η.

Book II. The DUNCIAD. 141

" This *China-Jordan*, let the chief o'ercome
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.

REMARKS.

Love, See *CURL*, *Key*, p. 22: But whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this Lady, surely 'twas what from him she little deserv'd, who had celebrated his undertakings for *Reformation of Manners*, and declared her self " to be so perfectly acquainted with " the *sweetness of his disposition*, and that *tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures*; " that tho' she should find the *little inadvertencies* of " her *own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain " it would be done in such a manner as she could " not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, *Hist. of Clar.* printed in the *Female Dunciad*, p. 18.

V. 152. *Kirkall*, the name of a Graver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes *duod.* with her picture thus dressed up, before them.

IMITATIONS.

V. 157. *This China Jordan, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 5. *Tertius, Argolica hac galea contentus abito.*

V. *ibid.* *This China Jordan.*] In the games of *Homer II.* 23. there are set together as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle; as in this place Mrs. *Haywood* and a *Jordan*. But there the preference in value is given to the *Kettle*, at which *Mad. Dacier* is justly displeas'd: Mrs. *H.* here is treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Chapman and *Curl* accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' one his son dissuades, and one his wife) 160
 This on his manly confidence relies,
 That on his vigour and superior size.
 First *Chapman* lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most:
 So *Jove's* bright bow displays its watry round, 165
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace,
 The wild *Mæander* wash'd the Artist's face:
 Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ners eyes who turns the cock. 170

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V. 159. *Chapman*, a Bookseller who printed Mrs. *Haywood's New Utopia*, &c. — *Henry Curl*, the worthy son of his father *Edmund*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 161. *This on his manly confidence relies, That on his vigour.*] Vir. *Æn.* 5.

— *Ille melior motu, fretusque juvena,*
Hic membris & mole valens.

V. 165. *So Jove's bright bow — Sure sign —*] The words of *Homer* of the Rainbow, in *Iliad* 11.

— ἄς τε Κερνίων

Εν νεφέῃ στήθεξ, τερεῖς μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

que le fils de Saturne à fondre dans les nuës, pour être dans tous les âges un signe à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 143

Not so from shameless *Curl*; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking, flourish'd o'er his head.
So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn; 175
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

R E M A R K S.

V. 175. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn.*] In a manuscript *Dunciad* (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

*And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage glow.*
This I cannot but think the right: For first, tho' the

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 173. *So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,) Eridanus.*] *Virgil* mentions these two qualifications of *Eridanus*, *Geor.* 4.

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.*

The Poets fabled of this river *Eridanus*, that it flow'd thro' the skies. *Denham, Cooper's Hill.*

*Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame like thine in lesser currents lost,
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.*

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Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.

R E M A R K S.

difference between *burn* and *glow* my seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *Jenesçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our Poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To instance only in his *Homer*,

(1.) Iliad 9. v. 726. — *With one resentment glows.*

(2.) Iliad 11. v. 626. — *There the battle glows.*

(3.) Ibid. 985. — *The closing flesh that instant ceas'd
to glow*

(4.) Il. 12. v. 45. — *Encompass'd Hector glows.*

(5.) Ibid. 475. — *His beating breast with gen'rous ar-
dour glows.*

(6.) Iliad 18. v. 591. — *Another part glow'd with
refulgent arms.*

(7.) Ibid. v. 654. — *And curl'd on silver props in or-
der glow.*

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent, but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity*, than

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 145

Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, leads away. 180
Chapman, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

R E M A R K S.

to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity which could never befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. *This Note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBLERUS.*

V. 179. *The high-wrought day.*] Some affirm, this was originally — *the well-p—st day* : but the Poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned *Scriblerus* manifests great anger ; he exclaims against all such *Conjectural Emendations* in this manner. “ Let it suffice, O *Pallas* ! that every
“ noble ancient, *Greek* or *Roman*, hath suffer'd the
“ impertinent correction of every *Dutch*, *German*, and
“ *Switz* Schoolmaster ! Let our *English* at least escape,
“ whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as not
“ to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty
“ hands. Suffer them to call their works their own,
“ and after death at least to find rest and sanctuary
“ from Critics ! When these men have ceased to rail,
“ let them not begin to do worse, to comment ! let
“ them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of
“ all correctness, and restore into obscurity and con-
“ fusion. Miserable fate ! which can befall only the
“ sprightliest wits that have written, and will befall
“ them only from such dull ones as could never
“ write !

SCRIBLERUS,

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But now for Authors nobler palms remain ;
 Room for my Lord ! three Jockeys in his train :
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ; 185
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 His honour'd meaning Dulness thus exprest ;
 " He wins this Patron who can tickle best.

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait, 190
 Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
 And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace :
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys, 195
 Then his nice taste directs our Opera's :
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

R E M A R K S.

V. 195. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an *Italian* Poet, and writer of many Opera's in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevail'd in *England* near twenty years. He taught *Italian* to some fine Gentlemen who affected to direct the Opera's.

V. 197. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. *Richard Bentley*, but of one *Thom. Bentley*, student in physick, a small critick, who aped his Uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord *Hallifax*, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of

But *Welfed* most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract, from his soft, giving palm ;

R E M A R K S.

Oxford ; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord *Harley*. A Taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in this following Panegyric on the *Peace of Utrecht*. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare. O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen ! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam ! Illi tali tantoque viro, DEUM per Omnia adfuisse manumque ejus & mentem direxisse, CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferè opera, Æquissimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno beu nimium ! Bello, finem impositum videmus. Ob Diem æterna memoria dignissimam ! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacem que diu exoptatam toti ferè Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is verbally) translated.

" Thy Father, that most refulgent Star of the Ang-
" lican Orb, we much desire to *adore* ! oh mighty
" Column of our *Republick* ! Oh Britain fortunate in
" such an *Hero* ! That to such and so great a Man
" God was ever present, in *every thing*, and all
" along directed both his Hand and his Heart, is a
" *Most Absolute Certainty* ! For, it is in a manner by
" the operation of this *Man Alone*, that we behold a
" *War* (alas ! how much too long an one !) brought
" at length to an end, *on the most just and the most bonou-*
" *vable Conditions*. Oh Day eternally to be memorated !
" wherein All the Terrors of this Country were
" ended ; and a P E A C E (long wished for by *almost*

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Unlucky *Wellsted*! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

R E M A R K S.

“ *all Europe*) restored by HARLEY, the Love and
“ Delight of the People of *England*.”

But that this Gentleman can write in a different Style, may be seen in a *Letter to Mr. Pope*, occasion'd by *Sober Advice from Horace*, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in most extraordinary Language, particularly the Lord *Bolingbroke* abused for that very P E A C E, which he here makes the single work of the Earl of *Oxford*, directed by *God Almighty*.

V. 199. *Wellsted*.] LEONARD WELSTED, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from *Palemon* to *Celia* at *Bath*, which was meant for a Satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. *Smedley* in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus* mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. *L. W.* characteris'd in the treatise *neel Badders* or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by *Dennis*, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characteris'd under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile which was handed about at the same time.

Dear Wellsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a Mole:
Above-ground never born to go,
What mighty stir it keeps below?

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
 A youth unknown to *Phæbus*, in despair, 205
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows? the Queen of Love
 His Sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
 As taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art
 To touch *Achilles'* only tender part;
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.

REMARKS.

*To make a Molehill, all this strife!
 It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 How proud, a little Dirt to spread!
 Conscious of nothing o'er its head.
 Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 It blunders into Light——and dies.*

You have him again in book 3. v. 163.

V. 205. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men; That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBLERUS.

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Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart, 215
 With *Shakespear's* nature, or with *Johnson's* art,
 Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
 With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell. 220

R E M A R K S.

V. 218. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. *Dennis* was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new Author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cry'd, "S'death! that is my Thunder."

V. 220. *With a tolling Bell.*] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 215. *To move, to raise, &c. — Let others aim — 'Tis yours to shake, &c.*] Virgil. *Æn.* 6.
Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducant e marmore vultus, &c.
Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæc tibi erunt artes —

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 151

Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe,
Of him, whose chatt'ring flames the Monkey tribe,
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base 225
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimicks rush disordant in:
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise, and *Norton*, *Brangling*, and *Breval*, 230
Dennis, and Dissonance; and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.

R E M A R K S.

V. 223. *Three Cat-calls.*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

V. 230. *Norton,*] See verse 383 — *J. Durant Breval*, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, Note on verse 116.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 233. — *A Cat-call each shall win, &c.* Virg.
Ecl. 3.

*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —*

V. 237. A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of *Homer*.

152 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Cat-call each shall win,
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 235
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake; 240
 Sore sighs Sir *Gilbert*, starting, at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!
 So swells each wind-pipe; As intones to As,
 Harmonic twang, of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows, 245
 High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose.
 But far o'er all, sonorous *Blackmore's* strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again:

IMITATIONS.

V. 248.—*bray back to him again.*] A figure of
 speech taken from *Virgil*,

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Geor. 3.

*He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.*

Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir *R. B.* delighted much
 in the word *Bray*, which he endeavour'd to ennoble

In *Tot'nam* fields, the brethren with amaze
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze; 250
 Long *Chanc'ry-lane* retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round:
Thames waft it thence to *Rufus'* roaring hall,
 And *Hungerford* re-ecchoes, bawl for bawl.
 All him victor in both gifts of song, 255
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

REMARKS.

V. 251. *Long Chanc'ry-lane.*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept: The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegoriz'd in these lines.

* V. 256. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Knt, who

IMITATIONS.

by applying it to the sound of *Armour, War, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthen'd by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

V. 250. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.*] Virg. Ecl. 8.

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, *Tot'nam-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs,* are imitated from Virg. *Æn.* 7. on the sounding the horn of *Alecto.*

*Audiit & Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
 Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c.*

This labour past, by *Bridewell* all descend,
 (As morning-pray'r and flagellation end)
 To where *Fleet-ditch* with disemboгуing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to *Thames*, 260

I M I T A T I O N S.

(as Mr. *Dryden* express'd it.) *Writ to the rumbling of his Coach's wheels*, and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: *Prince and King Arthur*, 20 Books; *Eliza*, 10; *Alfred*, 12; *The Redeemer*, 6: besides *Job* in folio, the whole *Book of Psalms*, *The Creation*, 7 Books; *Nature of Man*, 3 Books, and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is stiled afterwards, the *Everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. *Gildon* seems assured, that "this admirable author " did not think himself upon the *same foot* with *Homer*.
Comp. Art of Poetry, Vol. I. p. 108.

Bat how different is the judgment of the author of *Characters of the Times*? p. 25 who says, "Sir *Richard* " is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper ta- " lents, and that he has not for many years been so " much as named or even thought of among writers." Even Mr. *Dennis* differs greatly from his friend Mr. *Gildon*; "*Blackmore's* Action (saith he) has neither uni- " ty, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; " and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no " *Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, de- " lightful, nor wonderful: His Characters have none " of the necessary qualifications. The things con- " tain'd in his Narration are neither in their own na- " ture delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly " disposed, nor surprizing, nor pathetick. — Nay he

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 155

The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood,

R E M A R K S.

proceeds so far as to say Sir *Richard* has no *Genius*; first laying down, "that *Genius* is caused by a *furious* " *joy* and *pride* of *soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*. Many Men (says he) have their " *Hints*, without these motions of *fury* and *pride* of " *soul*, because they want fire enough to agitate their " spirits; and these we call cold writers: Others who " have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the foremention'd *motions*, without the " *extraordinary hints*; And these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir *Richard* had neither " the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*." *Remarks on Pr. Arth.* 8vo. 1696. *Preface*.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. *Dryden*, and in his last of Mr. *Pope*, accusing him in very high and sober terms of prophane-ness and immorality (*Essay on polite writing*, Vol. 2. p. 270.) on a meer report from *Edm. Curl*, that he was author of a *Travestie* on the first Psalm. Mr. *Dennis* took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir *Richard* had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. (*Remarks on Homer*, 8vo. p. 27.) "It was he who

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 261. *The King of dykes! &c.*] Virg.

Flyviorum rex Eridanus,

— quo non alius, per pingvia culta,

In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

156 The DUNCIAD. Book II.

“ Here strip my children! here at once leap in!
 “ Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,

R E M A R K S.

“ burlesqu’d the Psalm of *David*. It is *apparent* to me
 “ that Psalm was burlesqu’d by a *Popish* rhymester.
 “ Let rhymeing persons who have been brought up
 “ *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be
 “ rakes, let ’em be scoundrels, let ’em be *Atheists*,
 “ yet education has made an invincible impresson on
 “ them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish*
 “ rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for
 “ those sacred writings, Now show me another *Popish*
 “ rhymester but he.” This manner of argumen-
 “ tation is usual with Mr. *Dennis*; he has employ’d the
 “ same against Sir *Richard* himself in a like charge of
 “ *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. “ All Mr. *Blackmore*’s celestial
 “ Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as
 “ by common-receiv’d opinion, so are directly con-
 “ trary to the doctrine of the Church of *England*:
 “ For the visible descent of an Angel must be a mi-
 “ racle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of
 “ *England* that miracles had ceas’d a long time before
 “ Prince *Arthur* came into the world. Now if the
 “ doctrine of the Church of *England* be true, as we
 “ are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial ma-
 “ chines in Prince *Arthur* unsufferable, as wanting
 “ not only human but divine probability. But if the
 “ machines are sufferable, that is if they have so much
 “ as divine probability, then it follows of necessity
 “ that the doctrine of the Church is false: So I leave
 “ it to every impartial Clergyman to consider, &c.”
 Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 157

- “ And who the most in love of dirt excel, 265
 “ Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 “ Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 “ The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;

R E M A R K S.

V. 258. *As morning-pray'r and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in *Bridewell*. — This is to mark punctually the *Time* of the day: *Homer* does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his Poem; which we may remember commenc'd in the evening of the Lord mayor's day: The first book pass'd in that *night*; the next *morning* the games begin in the *Strand*, thence along *Fleetstreet* (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by *Bridewell* toward *Fleetditch*, and lastly thro' *Ludgate* to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

V. 261. *The Diving.*] “ This I fancy (says a great “ Enemy to the Poem) is a Game which no body “ could ever think of but the Author: however, it is “ work'd up admirably well, especially in those lines “ where he describes *Eusden* (he should say *Smedley*) “ rising up again.” *ESSAY* on the D U N C I A D, p. 19.

V. 264, 265, 266. *dash thro' thick and thin — Love of dirt — dark dexterity.*] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers; to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guesses.

158 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

“ A pig of lead to him who dives the best :

“ A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest. 270

In naked majesty *Oldmixon* stands,
And *Milo*-like, surveys his arms and hands,

R E M A R K S.

[V. 268. *The Weekly Journals.*] Papers of news and scandal intermix'd, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, call'd the *London Journal*, *Miss's Journal*, *British Journal*, *Daily Journal*, &c. the conceal'd writers of which for some time were *Oldmixon*, *Roome*, *Arnall*, *Concanen*, and others; persons never seen by our author.

[V. 270. *A peck of coals a-piece.*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, a Highwayman, or a Knight of the Post is spoken of, how much our hatred to those characters is lessen'd, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, a *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the Post, &c.

[V. 271. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. *Dennis* the most ancient Critic of our Nation: an unjust censurer of Mr. *Addison* in his Prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of *Bouhours* (call'd the *Arts of Logick and Rhetorick*) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact: for in p. 45, he cites the *Spectator* as abusing Dr. *Swift* by name, where there is not the least hint of it; And in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest,

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 159

Then fighting, thus. "And am I now threescore?
" Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?

R E M A R K S.

that Mr. *Addison* himself writ that *Tatler*, No. 43, which says of his own Simile, that "'tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." In Poetry, he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore "characteriz'd by the *Tatler*, No. 62, by the name of *Omicron the Unborn Poet*." *Curl, Key*, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry, consisting of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," saith that great Judge Mr. *Jacob*, in his *Lives of Poets*, Vol. 2. p. 303.

In his *Essay on Criticism*, and the *Arts of Logick and Rhetorick*, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the *Stuarts* in folio, and his *Critical History of England*, 2 vol. 8vo. Being imployed by Bishop *Kennet* in publishing the *Historians* in his Collection, he falsified *Daniel's Chronicle* in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the Preface to the first of these, advanced a particular Fact to charge three eminent Persons of falsifying the Lord *Glarendon's History*; which Fact has been disproved by the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble Author's own hand. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place which he yet enjoys.

He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height, 275
 Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd down-right.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next *Smedley* div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more. 280
 All look, all sigh, and call on *Smedly* lost;
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

R E M A R K S.

He is here likened to *Milo*, in allusion to that verse of *Ovid*,

—*Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;*

either with regard to his Age, or because he was undone by trying to pull to pieces an Oak that was too strong for him.

—— Remember *Milo's* end,
 Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.

Lord Rosc.

V. 279. Next *Smedley* div'd.] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 281. ——— and call on *Smedley* lost, &c.]
 Lord Roscommon's translation of *Virgil's* 6th Eclog.

Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,
Hylas in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 161

Then * essay'd, scarce vanish'd out of sight,
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
 He bears no token of the fabler streams, 285
 And mounts far off, among the swans of *Thames*.

True to the bottom, see *Concanen* creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!
 If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
 Not everlasting *Blackmore* this denies: 290

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letter *E* —, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immers'd in dirty work: whereas Mr. *Eusden's* writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are tax'd of nothing else in book 1. verse 102. But the person here mention'd, an *Irishman*, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly *Whitehall Journal* in the year 1722, in the name of Sir *James Baker*, and particularly whole volumes of *Billingsgate* against Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope*, call'd *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in 8vo. 1728.

V. 283. *Then * essay'd.*] A Gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 290. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*] Virg. *Æn.* 5.
Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c.

No noise, no stir, no motion can'st thou make,
Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Not so bold *Arnall*; with a weight of scull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.

R E M A R K S.

instead of a Satire, as deserving to be better employed than in Party-quarrels and Personal-invectives.

V. 287. *Concanen*.] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an *Irishman* bred to the law: he abused Dr. *Swift*, to whom he had obligations, to which *Smedley* (one of his brethren in enmity to *Swift*) alludes in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accusing him of having "boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead *scurrilities* in the *British* and *London Journals*, and in a paper call'd the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet call'd a Supplement to the *Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. *Broome's* verses, (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of *Buckingham*, and others. To this rare piece, some-body humourously caus'd him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired Scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he pour'd forth much *Billingsgate* against the Lord *Bolingbroke* and others; after which this man was surprizingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in *Jamaica*.

Ver. 293. *Arnall*.] WILLIAM ARNALL bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this Art: He began under twenty with furious Party-papers: then

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 163

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest, 295
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead. 300

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood:
 Lo *Smedley* rose in majesty of mud!

R E M A R K S.

succeeded *Concanen* in the *British Journal*. At the first publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevail'd on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of all such practices as his predecessor's: but since, by the most unexampled insolence, impudent Billingsgate language, and personal abuse of several great men the Poet's particular friends, he hath most amply deserved a Niche in the Temple of Infamy. Witness a paper call'd the *Free Briton*, a Dedication intitled, *To the Genuine Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; but frequently thro' his fury, or folly, exceeded all the bounds of his Commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 302. — in majesty of mud.] Milton,
 — in majesty of darkness round
 Circled —

164 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ; 305
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young *Lutetia*, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Merdamante* brown, 310
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below ;
As *Hylas* fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nutbrown maids,
A branch of *Styx* here rises from the Shades,

R E M A R K S.

V. 312. *As Hylas fair.*] Who was ravish'd by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by *Valerius Flaccus*, *Lib. 3. Argon.* See *Virg. Ecl. 6.*

V. 314, &c. *A branch of Styx*, &c.] *Homer, Il. 2. Catal.*

Οἳ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τίταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πλωεῖον προΐει καλλίρροον ὕδωρ,
οὐδ' ὄγε Πλωεῖᾷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυραδίνη,
ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἡύτ' ἔλαιον.
Ὅς χ' ὃ δεινὸν Στυγὸς ὕδατος, ἐσιν ἀπορρώξ.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 305. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*] *Virg. 6. of the Sybil.*

———— *majorque videtur*
Nec mortale sonans ————

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 165

That tinctur'd as it runs with *Lethe's* streams, 315
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
 (As under seas *Alphæus'* secret sluice
 Bears *Pisa's* offerings to his *Arethuse*)
 Pours into *Thames*: Each City-bowl is full,
 Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull. 320
 How to the banks where bards departed doze,
 They led him soft; how all the bards arose,

R E M A R K S.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, *Odyss.* 24. See also *Lucian's* true history. *Lethe* and the Land of Dreams allegorically represent the *Stupescation* and *visionary Madness* of Poets equally dull and extravagant. Of *Alphæus* his waters gliding secretly under the sea of *Pisa*, to mix with those of *Arethuse* in Sicily, *vid. Moschus Idyl.* 8. *Virg. Ecl.* 10.

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.*

And again, *Æn.* 3.

— *Alphæum, fama est, buc Elidis amnem
 Occultas egisse vias, subter mare, qui nunc
 Ore Arethusa tuo, Siculis confunditur undis.*

· I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 321. *How to the banks, &c.] Virg, Ecl.* 6.
*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
 Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurexerit omnis;
 Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ.
 Ascræo quos ante seni ——— &c.*

166 **The D U N C I A D.** Book II.

Taylor, sweet *Swan of Thames*, majestic bows,
 And *Shadwell* nods the poppy on his brows;
 While *Milbourn* there, deputed by the rest, 325
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
 And "Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 "Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine.

R E M A R K S.

V. 323. *Taylor, sweet Swan of Thames.*] *John Taylor* the Water Poet, an honest man, who owns he learn'd not so much as his *Accidence*: a rare example of modesty in a Poet!

*I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my Accidence,
 For having got from Possum to Possiet,
 I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.*

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of *James I.* and *Charles I.* and afterwards (like *Edw. Ward*) kept an Alehouse in *Long Acre*. He died in 1654.

V. 324. *And Shadwell nods the poppy.*] *Shadwell* took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose of it, in the year 1692.

V. 325. *While Milbourn.*] *Luke Milbourn* a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who when he wrote against Mr. *Dryden's Virgil*, did him justice, in printing at the same time his own Translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. *Dryden* and him. *Appen.*

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 167

He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend *Flamen* in his lengthen'd drefs. 330
Slow moves the Goddeſs from the ſable flood,
(Her Prielt preceding) thro' the gates of *Lud*.
Her Criticks there ſhe ſummons, and proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.

Hear you! in whoſe grave heads, as equal ſcales, 335
I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in flumbers,
My *Henley's* periods, or my *Blackmore's* numbers?
Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
If there be man who o'er ſuch works can wake, 340
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boatts *Ulyſſes'* ear with *Argus'* eye;

R E M A R K S.

V. 332. *Gates of Lud*.] “ King *Lud* repairing the
“ City, call'd it after his own name, *Lud's* town;
“ the ſtrong gate which he built in the weſt part he
“ likewise for his own honour named *Ludgate*. In
“ the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images
“ of *Lud* and other Kings. Thoſe images in the reign
“ of *Edward VI.* had their heads ſmitten off, and
“ were otherwiſe defaced by unadviſed folks. Queen
“ *Mary* did ſet new heads upon their old bodies again.
“ The 28th of Queen *Elizabeth* the ſame gate was
“ clean taken down, and newly and beautifullly builded
“ with images of *Lud* and others as afore.” *Stow's*
Survey of *London*.

V. 342. See *Hom. Odyſſ.* 12. *Ovid. Met.* 1.

168 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
 Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
 To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong, 345
 Full, and eternal privilege of tongue. [same,
 Three *Cambridge* Sophs and three pert Templars
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate. 350
 The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring.
 The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.
 The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a general hum.
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone, 355
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on;

R E M A R K S.

V. 356. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*
 " All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness
 " with which they proceed. It is impossible for any

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 348. *The same their talents — Each prompt, &c.*
 Virg. Ecl. 7.

*Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
 Et certare pares, & respondere parati.*

V. 350. *Smit with the love of sacred song — Milt.*

V. 352. *The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.*
 Ovid. M. 13

Confedere duces, & vulgi stante corona.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 169

Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow; 360
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine:
 And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice *Budgel* aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd 365
 By potent *Arthur*, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and *Tindal*, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here.

R E M A R K S.

“ one who has a poetical ear to read them, without
 “ perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to
 “ imitate the action it describes. The Simile of the
 “ Pines is very just and well-adapted to the subject.”
 ESSAY on the DUNC. p. 21.

V. 365. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for
 his speeches on many occasions about the *South Sea*
Scheme, &c. “ He is a very ingenious gentleman,
 “ and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays,
 “ and *one small piece* on love, which is very pretty.”
 JACOB Lives of Poets, vol. 2. p. 289. But this
 gentleman has since made himself much more eminent
 and personally well-known to the greatest Statesmen of
 all parties, in this nation.

V. 367. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons not
 so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Reli-

170 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Who fate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
 Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum. 370
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 At what a *Dutchman* plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes,
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress 375
 Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
 So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
 Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.

R E M A R K S.

gion of their Country. The surreptitious editions placed here the name of a Gentleman, who, the' no great friend to the Clergy, is a man of morals and ingenuity. *Tindal* was Author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*: He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S——, which was suppress'd while yet in manuscript by an eminent Person then out of the Ministry, to whom he shew'd it expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publish'd the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very Person.

V. 368. *Christ's No Kingdom, &c.*] This is said by *CURL*, Key to *Dunc.* to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 378. *O'er all the sea of heads.*] *Blackm.* Job.
*A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
 And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.*

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 171

At last *Centlivre* felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale, 380
Boyer the State, and *Law* the Stage gave o'er,
 Nor *Kelsey* talk'd, nor *Naso* whisper'd more;

R E M A R K S.

V. 379. *Centlivre*.] Mrs. *Susanna Centlivre*, wife to Mr. *Centlivre*, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a song (says Mr. *Jacob*, vol. 1. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. *Pope's Homer*, before he begun it.

V. 381. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er*.] *A. Boyer*, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c. — *William Law*, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage, Mr. *Dennis* answer'd with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. *Law* affirm'd that “ the Playhouse is the
 “ Temple of the Devil, the peculiar pleasure of the
 “ Devil, where all they who go, yield to the Devil,
 “ where all the Laughter is a laughter among Devils,
 “ and that all who are there are hearing Musick in
 “ the very Porch of Hell.” To which Mr. *Dennis* replied, that “ there is every jot as much difference
 “ between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaster,
 “ as between *Two religious books*, the Bible and the
 “ *Alcoran*.” Then he demonstrates that “ All those
 “ who had written against the Stage were *Jacobites*
 “ and *Nonjurors*, and did it always at a time when
 “ something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr.
 “ *Collier* publish'd his *Short View*, when France de-

172 The D U N C I A D. Book II.

Norton, from *Daniel* and *Ostræa* sprung,
 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head; 385
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

R E M A R K S.

“clar'd for the *Chevalier*; and his *Dissuasive* just at
 “the great *Storm*, when the devastation which that
 “Hurricane wrought had amazed and astonished the
 “minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts: Mr. *Law* took
 “the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great
 “preparations he heard were making abroad, and
 “which the *Jacobites* flatter'd themselves were design'd in their favour: And as for Mr. *Bedford's*
 “*Serious Remonstrance*, tho' I know nothing of the
 “time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was
 “either upon the Duke *D'Aumont's* being at *Somerset-house*, or upon the late *Rebellion*.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. *Law*, pag. ult.

V. 383. Norton.] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous *Daniel*. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the *Flying-Post*, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abus'd with

IMITATIONS.

V. 386. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the *Indian Emperor*,
All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

Book II. The D U N C I A D. 173

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
 Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumbring visit, and convey to stews : 390
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate :
 How *Laurus* lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink.:

R E M A R K S.

his betters, and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers to which he never set his name, in a due fear of Laws and Cudgels.

V. 394. *And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink.*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearances* ; a lesson to all men who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly : since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspir'd in this posture,

(*On Cam's fair bank where Chaucer lay inspir'd*, and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal. How little the prophane author of the *Characters of the Times* printed 1728, regarded this admonition, appears from these words pag. 26. (speaking of the reverend Mr. *Laurence Eusden*) " A most worthy successor of *Tate* in the Laureat-

174 The DUNCIAD. Book II.

While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet 395
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

REMARKS.

“ ship, a man of insuperable modesty, since certainly
“ it was not his Ambition that led him to seek’ this
“ illustrious post, but his Affection to the Perquisite
“ of *Sack*.”

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 395. *Fleet*.] A Prison for insolvent Debtors on
the bank of the Ditch.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

THE

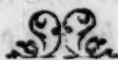
THE
DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT to BOOK the THIRD.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamorato's, castle-builders, chymists and poets. He is immediately carry'd on the wings of Fancy to the Elyzian shade, where on the banks of Lethe the souls of the dull are dipp'd by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself destin'd to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the fu-

176 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

ture : How small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stop'd, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire. These he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of Miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmix'd with concern, that his own times were but the types of these ; He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Opera's, and Shotos ; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres ; Then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original Chaos : A scene, of which the present Action of the Dunciad is but a Type or Foretaste, giving a Glimpse or Pisgah-sight of the promis'd Fulness of her Glory ; the Accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater Dunciaas.



BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkled with *Cimmerian* dew.
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
 Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where *Bedlam's* Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:

REMARKS ON BOOK the THIRD.

V. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlighten'd, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again at the

IMITATIONS.

V. 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet
 nods,*

He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods.

Virg. *Æn.* 7.

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

Colloquio —

178 The D U N C I A D. Book III

Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chymist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descended to th' *Elyzian* Shade.

There, in a dusky vale where *Lethe* rolls, 15
Old *Bavius* sits, to dip poetic Souls,

R E M A R K S.

end of the Vision repeated this monition, saying that
it all pass thro' the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the
Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 16. *Old Bavius sits.*] *Bavius* was an ancient Poet,
celebrated by *Virgil* for the like cause as *Tibbald* by our
author, tho' not in so christian-like a manner: For

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 15. *There in a dusky vale, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

— *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*

Seclusum nemus —

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.

V. 16. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding
to the story of *Thetis* dipping *Achilles* to render him
impenetrable.

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

Lustrabat —

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 179

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where *Brown* and *Mears* unbar the gates of Light, 20

R E M A R K S.

heathenishly it is declar'd by *Virgil* of *Bavius*, that he ought to be *bated* and *detested* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit*; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great good nature and mercifulness, thro' the whole course of this poem.

Mr. *Dennis* warmly contends that *Bavius* was no inconsiderable author; nay, that " he and *Mævius* " had (even in *Augustus's* days) a very formidable " Party at *Rome*, who thought them much superior " to *Virgil* and *Horace*:" For (saith he) " I cannot " believe they would have fixed that eternal brand " upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more " than ordinary credit." Rem. on *Pr. Arthur*, part 2. c. 1. (An argument which if this Poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*.) In like manner he tells us of *Settle*, that " he was once a formidable Rival to Mr. *Dryden*, " and that in the University of *Cambridge* there were " those who gave him the preference." Mr. *Wells* goes yet farther in his behalf. " Poor *Settle* was formerly the *Mighty Rival* of *Dryden*: nay, for many " years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 20. Unbar the gates of Light.] Milton.

180 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at *Ward* in Pillory.

R E M A R K S.

Poems, 8vo. p. 51.] And Mr. *Milbourn* cried out,
“How little was *Dryden* able, even when his blood
“run high, to defend himself against Mr. *Settle*!”
Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable
opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 20. *Brown and Mears*.] Booksellers, Printers
for *Tibbald*, Mrs. *Haywood*, or any body. — The
Allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the
form of books, drest in calve's leather, and being let
abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently
intelligible.

V. 26. *Ward in Pillory*.] *John Ward* of *Hackney*,
Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of For-
gery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenc'd

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 23. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]
Virg. 6.

*Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.*

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 181

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

R E M A R K S.

to the Pillory on the 17th of *Febr.* 1727. Mr. *Curl* (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of Barbarity*, *Key to the Dunc.* 3d Edit. p. 16. And another Author thus reasons upon it. *Durgen*, 8vo. pag. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to "animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a "situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave Sufferer*, a *gallant Prisoner*, exposed to "the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his "*Senses*, it was committing a *Crime* for which the "*Law is deficient* not to punish him! nay a *Crime* "which *Man can scarce forgive*, nor *Time efface*! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being "bribed by a great Lady," (to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery proved in open Court, &c.) But it is evident this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *Eggs* were thrown at that Gentleman: Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. *Edward Ward* the Poet.

V. 28. *And length of Ears.*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the Critics; *Dennis*, *Oldmixon*, *Welsted*, have pass'd it in silence: I have also stumbled at it, and wonder'd how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons? I dare assert it proceeded originally from

182 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Known by the band and suit which *Settle* wore,
 (His only suit) for twice three years before: 30
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearers frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same.
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
 Oh born to see what none can see awake! 35
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
 The hand of *Bavius* drench'd thee o'er and o'er.

R E M A R K S.

the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head run on the *Pillory* mention'd two lines before: It is therefore amazing that Mr. *Curl* himself should overlook it! Yet that *Scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned *Mist* also read it thus, is plain, from his ranging this passage among those in which our Author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's Face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *Ear* to be a part;) So likewise *Concanen*, *Ralph*, the *Flying-Post*, and all the Herd of Commentators. — *Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little Sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the Poet, thus,

By his broad Shoulders known, and length of years.
 See how easy a change! of one single letter! That Mr. *Settle* was old is most certain, but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. This Note partly Mr. THEOBALD, partly SCRIBLERUS.

Book III. The DUNCIAD. 183

But blind to former, as to future Fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state? 40
 Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
 Might from *Bæotian* to *Bæotian* roll!
 How many *Dutchmen* she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
 And all who since, in mild benighted days, 45
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?
 As man's mæanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again: 50
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee center, from thee circulate.
 For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

IMITATIONS.

V. 46. *Mix'd the Owl's Ivy with the Poet's Bays.*
 Virg. Ec. 8.

— *sine tempora circum*

Inter viatrices bederam tibi serpere lauros.

V. 53. *For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.*
 This has a resemblance to that passage in *Milton*, l. 11.
 where the Angel

To nobler sights from Adam's eye remov'd

The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue

The visual nerve—For he had much to see.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that
 whole Episode.

184 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind 55
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands. 60
See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extreams) her sable flag display'd;
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun 65
And orient Science at a birth begun.
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring *Tartar* bounds.
Heav'ns! what a pyle? whole ages perish there:
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air. 70

R E M A R K S.

V. 42. *Might from Bœotian, &c.*] See the Remark on Book 1. V. 23.

V. 61, 62. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in Ignorance.

V. 65.] Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.

V. 69.] *Chi Ho-am-ti*, Emperor of *Cbina*, the same who built the great wall between *Cbina* and *Tartary*, destroy'd all the books and learned men of that empire.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 185

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy *Vulcan* roll,
And lick up all their *Physic* of the soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball, 75
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from *Hyperborean* skies,
Embody'd dark, what clouds of *Vandals* rise !
Lo where *Mæotis* sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing *Tanais* thro' a waste of snows, 80
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of *Goths*, of *Alans*, and of *Huns*.
See *Alaric's* stern port, the martial frame
Of *Genferic* ! and *Attila's* dread name !
See, the bold *Ostrogoths* on *Latium* fall ;
See, the fierce *Visigoths* on *Spain* and *Gaul*.
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)

R E M A R K S.

V. 73, 74.] The *Caliph*, *Omar* I. having conquer'd *Ægypt*, caus'd his General to burn the *Ptolemaean* library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *Medicina Animæ, The Physick of the Soul*.

V. 88. The Soil that arts and infant letters bore.] *Phœnicia*, *Syria*, &c. where *Letters* are said to have been invented. In these countries *Mahomet* began his conquests.

186 The DUNCIAD. Book III.

His conqu'ring tribes th' *Arabian* prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep;
And all the Western world believe and sleep.

Lo *Rome* her self, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;

REMARKS.

V. 93. *Thund'ring against heathen lore.*] A strong instance of this pious rage is plac'd to Pope Gregory's account. *John of Salisbury* gives a very odd Encomium to this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him. *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam, non modo Matthesin jussit ab aulâ; sen, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, & major auctoritas, & diligentia studiosior.* *Desiderius* Archbishop of *Vienna* was sharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; Because (says this Pope) *in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus, Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit, Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest to have burn'd *Liwy*; *Quia in superstitionibus & sacris Romanorum perpetuò versatur.* The same Pope is accused by *Vossius* and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old *Roman* magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to *Rome* should give more

Book III. The DUNCIAD, 187

Her gray-hair'd Synòds damning books unread,
 And *Bacon* trembling for his brazen head;
Padua with sighs beholds her *Livy* burn,
 And ev'n the *Antipodes Vigilius* mourn.
 See, the Cirque falls! th' unpillar'd Temple nods!
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, *Tyber* choak'd with Gods!
 Till *Peter's* keys some christen'd *Jove* adorn, 101
 And *Pan* to *Moses* lends his pagan horn;
 See graceless *Venus* to a Virgin turn'd,
 Or *Phidias* broken, and *Apelles* burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, 105
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,

REMARKS.

attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. BAYLE, *Dict.*

V. 101. *Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn, &c.*] After the Government of *Rome* devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the *Goths* scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples by converting them to Churches, and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of *Apollo* and *Pallas* on the tomb of *Sannazarius*, into *David* and *Judith*; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turn'd to that of *Holofernes*.

188 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsley-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was *Britain* — Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had *Easter* never been. 110

In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword?
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!

And see! my son, the hour is on its way, 115
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause? 120

REMARKS.

V. 110. *Happy* — *had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

IMITATIONS.

V. 110. *Happy* — *had Easter never been.*] Virg. Ecl. 6.
Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.

V. 119, 121. *Now look thro' Fate* — See all her Progeny — &c. Virg. Æn. 6.

*Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expeditam.*

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 189

See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As *Berecynthia*, while her offspring vye
In homage, to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the blest abode 125
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' *Grubstreet* her triumphant round,
And her *Parnassus* glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce. 130

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new *Cibber* shall the Stage adorn.

IMITATIONS.

V. 123. *As Berecynthia, &c.*] Virg. ib.
Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invebitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,
Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

V. 131. *Mark first the youth, &c.*] Virg. Æn. 6.
Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca. —

V. 133. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!*
A manner of expression used by *Virgil*, *Ecl.* 8.

Nascere! præque diem veniens, age Lucifer —
As also that of *patriis virtutibus.* *Ecl.* 4.

190 The DUNCIAD. Book III.

A second see, by meeker manners known, 135
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another *Durfey, Ward!* shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each Ale-house, thee each Gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring Gin-shops sower sighs return!

Lo next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in *Castalia's* streams:
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race! 145
Lo *Horneck's* fierce, and *Roome's* funeral face;

REMARKS.

V. 145. *Haywood, Centlivre.*] See book 2.

V. 146. *Lo Horneck's fierce and Roome's, &c.*] This stood in one edition *And M—'s ruful face.* But the person who supposed himself meant, applying to

IMITATIONS.

V. 137. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

— *si qua fata aspera rumpas,*

Tu Marcellus eris! —

V. 139. *Thee shall each Ale-house, &c.*] *Æn.* 7.

Te nemus Angitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus unda,

Te liquidi flevete lacus.

Virgil again, *Ecl.* 10.

Ilum etiam lauri, illum flevete myricæ, &c.

Book III. The D U N C I A P. 191

Lo sneering *Goode*, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

R E M A R K S.

our author in a modest manner, and with declarations of his innocence, he removed the occasion of his uneasiness. At the same time promising to “do the like” to any other who could give him the same assurance, “of having never writ scurrilously against him.”

V. 146. *Horneck and Roome*.] These two are worthily coupled, being both virulent Party-writers; and one would think prophetically, since immediately after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour and Employment*. The first was *Philip Horneck*, Author of a *Billingsgate* paper call'd *The High German Doctor*, in the 2d Vol. of which No. 14. you may see the regard he had for Mr. P— *Edward Roome*, son of an Undertaker for Funerals in *Fleetstreet*, writ some of the papers call'd *Pasquin*, and Mr. *Ducket* others; where by malicious Innuendos it was endeavoured to represent him guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. He since reflected on his, and Dr. *Swift's* *Miscellanies*, in his paper call'd the *Senator*. Of this Man was made the following Epigram.

*You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he writes, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it—This Sir is the case,
The Jest is lost, unless he prints his Face.*

V. 147. *Goode*.] An ill-natur'd Critic who writ a Satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*; and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

192 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law. 150

R E M A R K S.

V. 149. *Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe.*] “ This Gentleman is son of a considerable *Maltster* of *Romsey* in *Southamptonshire*, and bred to the Law under a very eminent *Attorney*: who, between his more laborious Studies, has diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasion’d him to try his genius that way — He has writ in prose the *Lives* of the Poets, *Essays*, and a great many Law-Books, *The Accomplish’d Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.*” GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovok’d, abused in that book the Author’s Friend Mr. Gay, [awe;

V. 149. *Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with Nor less revere him Blunderbuss of Law.*] There may seem some Error in these verses, Mr. *Jacob* having proved our Author to have a *Respect* for him, by this undeniable Argument. “ He had once a *Regard* for my *Judgment*; otherwise he would never have subscribed *Two Guineas* to me, for one small Book in *Octavo*.” [*Jacob’s Letter to Dennis, in his Remarks on the Dunciad*, pag. 49.] Therefore I

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 150.] Virg. *Æn.* 6.
— duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Lybiæ!

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 193

Lo *Bond* and *Foxton*, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame?
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream, like the winding of ten thousand Jacks:
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check, 155
 Break *Priscian's* head, and *Pegasus's* neck;
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The *Pindars*, and the *Miltons*, of a *Curl*.

Silence, ye wolves! while *Ralph* to *Cynthia* howls,
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him ye Owls! 160

R E M A R K S.

should think the Appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr. *Jacob*, like that of *Thunderbolt* to *Scipio*, was meant in his honour.

Mr. *Dennis* argues the same way. “ My writings
 “ having made great impression on the minds of all
 “ sensible men, Mr. *P*——repented, and to give proof
 “ of his Repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of
 “ select Works——and afterwards to my two vo-
 “ lumes of Letters.” [*Ibid.* pag. 40.] We should
 hence believe, the Name of Mr. *Dennis* hath also crept
 into this poem by some mistake. But from hence,
 gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest
 thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thy self
 that thy motives are good nature, or Charity.

V. 151. *Bond and Foxton*.] Two inoffensive of-
 fenders against our poet; persons unknown, but by
 being mentioned by *Curl*.

V. 159. *Ralph*.] *James Ralph*, a name inserted
 after the first editions, not known to our author till

194 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and *Morris* may be read.

Flow *Welsted*, flow ! like thine inspirer Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ;

R E M A R K S.

he writ a swearing-piece call'd *Sawney*, very abusive of
Dr. *Swift*, Mr. *Gay*, and himself. These lines allude
to a thing of his, intitled *Night*, a Poem. *Shakespear*,
Hamlet.

—*Visit thus the glimpses of the Moon,*
Making Night hideous——

This low writer constantly attended his own works
with panegyricks in the Journals, and once in particu-
lar praised himself highly above Mr. *Addison*, in wretch-
ed remarks upon that Author's account of *English*
Poets, printed in a *London Journal*, Sept. 1728. He
was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even
French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic
poetry before he began a Play, he smiled and replot'd,
Shakespear writ without rules. He ended at last in the
common Sink of all such writers, a political News-
paper, to which he was recommended by his friend
Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

V. 162. *Morris*.] *Besaleel*, See Book 2. ver. 118.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 163. Flow *Welsted*, flow ! &c.] Parody on
Denham, *Cooper's Hill*.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme.

Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 195

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ; 165
Heady, not strong ; and foaming, tho' not full.

R E M A R K S.

V. 163. *Flow Welsted, &c.*] Of this Author see the Remark on Book 2. v. 199. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him.

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, rais'd so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent in the two Universities, *which* should have the honour of his education ? To *compound* this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having pass'd some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he return'd to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledg'd in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the Fame* of his protectors. It also appears, from his *Works*, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age — Incourag'd by such a *Combination* in his favour, he — publish'd a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisit Judges pronounce he even *rival'd his masters* — His Love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt — In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode — his Epistle — his Verses — his Love-tale — all, are the most *perfect things in all poetry, &c.* WELSTED of *Himself. Char. of the Times*, 8vo. 1728. pag. 23, 24.

196 The DUNCIAD. Book III.

Ah *Dennis*! *Gildon* ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war. 701
Embrace, embrace my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.

REMARKS.

V. 167. *Ab Dennis, &c.*] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. *Dennis* paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mention'd but twice, and so slightly touch'd, in this poem. But in truth he look'd upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore in the mayoralty of Sir *George Thorold* in 1720, and hath since happily lived ten years more. So that he is already senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longest Bodily life.

IMITATIONS.

V. 171. *Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

— *Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,*
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce — sanguis meus! —

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 197

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd ;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind !
 Fam'd for good nature, *Burnet*, and for truth ; ' 175
Ducket for pious passion to the youth.
 Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write ;

R E M A R K S.

V. *Fam'd for good nature, Burnet, &c.*

Ducket for pious passion to the youth.]

The first of these was son of the late bishop of S. Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another call'd *Pasquin*, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the late Duke of *Buckingham* and Bishop of *Rochester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Dogre* printed 1715. Mr. *Curl* gives us this further account of Mr. *Burnet*. " He did himself write a Letter to " the E. of *Hallifax*, informing his Lordship (as he " tells him) of what he knew much better before : And

R E M A R K S.

V. 173. Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd.]
 Virg. Æn. 6.

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,

Concordes animæ ———

And in the fifth,

Euryalû, forma insignis viridique juvena,

Nisus amore pio pueri.

198 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner. 180

R E M A R K S.

“ he published *in his own name* several political pamphlets, A certain information of a certain discourse, “ A second Tale of a Tub, &c. *All which* it is “ strongly affirmed *were written by* Colonel Ducket.” CURL, *Key*, p. 17. But the author of the *Characters of the Times* tells us, these political pieces were not approv’d of by his *own Father*, the Reverend Bishop.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen, the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. *Pope’s*, had their united laudable endeavours discourag’d him from his undertaking. How few good works had ever appear’d (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions toifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the Serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his cradle?

The Union of these two Authors gave occasion to this Epigram.

Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing forth in Verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull, each hung an A——
Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads, or which is led,
U—s are but Tails.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 199

“ But who is he, in closet close y pent,
“ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?

R E M A R K S.

V. 167 — [for pious passion to the youth.] The verse is a literal translation of *Virgil*, *Nisus amore pio pueri* — and here, as in the original, apply'd to Friendship: That between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think something further. “ Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which “ God and Nature design'd. — Sir, you have a very “ fine Lady — and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children,” — &c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article ; he had taken into his head that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian Opera* had prevail'd, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam'd: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and con-

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 181. *But who is he, &c.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6. questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*,

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olive
Sacra ferens ? — nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.*

200 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and *Wormius* hight.

R E M A R K S.

cludes his argument with this remark, “that he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing mens minds to the natural desire of women.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

V. 184. *Wormius hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Herne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are ancient Words here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same: We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practise the like praise is given to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* by Mr. *Herne* himself. [*Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester.*] *Artie.* BEHETT; “others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used excellently well by *Tha. Norton* in his translation into metre of the 116 Psalm, verse 14.

*I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT.*

Book III. The DUNCIAD. 201

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

REMARKS.

“ Where the modern innovators, not understanding
“ the propriety of the word (which is truly *English*,
“ from the *Saxon*) have most *unwarrantably* alter'd it
“ thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows, 185
With joy and great delight.

V. *ibid.* — HIGHT, “ In *Cumberland* they say to
“ *bight*, for to *promise* or *vow*; but HIGHT usually
“ signifies *was call'd*; and so it does in the North
“ even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in
Cumberland. HERNE, *ibid.*

V. 183. AREDE.] *Read* or *peruse*; tho' sometimes
used for *counsel*, “ READE THY READ, *take thy coun-*
“ *saile*. *Thomas Sternbolde* in his translation of the
“ first Psalm into *English* metre, hath *wisely* made use
“ of this word,

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.

“ But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms
“ the word READ is changed into *men*. I say spurious
“ editions, because not only here, but quite through-
“ out the whole book of Psalms, are strange altera-
“ tions, all for the worse! And yet the title-page
“ stands as it used to do! and all (which is abomina-
“ ble in any book, much more in a sacred work) is
“ ascribed to *Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and*

202 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

There, dim in clouds, the poreing Scholiasts mark;
Wits, who like owls see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

190

R E M A R K S.

“ others! I am confident, were *Sternhold* and *Hop-*
“ *kins* now living, they would proceed against the
“ innovators as cheats — A liberty which, to say no
“ more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no
“ means to be permitted or approved of, by such as
“ are for *Uniformity* and have any regard for the old
“ *English Saxon* tongue.” *HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of*
Gloc. Art. rede.

I do herein agree with Mr. *H.* Little is it of avail
to object, that such words are become *unintelligible*.
since they are truly *English*, men *ought* to understand
them; and such as are for *Uniformity* should think all
alterations in a language, *strange, abominable, and un-*
warrantable. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our
Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a
precious ointment upon good old *Wormius* in this
place.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. *ibid.* *Myfter wight.*] uncouth mortal.

V. 188. *Wits, who like Owls, &c.*] These few
lines exactly describe the right verbal Critic: He is
to his author as a Quack to his patients, the more
they suffer and complain, the better he is pleas'd; like
the famous Doctor of that sort, who put up in his
bills, *He delighted in matters of difficulty*. Some-body
said well of these men, that their heads were *Libra-*
ries out of order.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 203

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
 Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity his Pipe,
 While proud Philosophy repines to show
 Dishonest fight! his breeches' rent below;
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo *Henley* stands, 195
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

R E M A R K S.

V. 195. — *Lo! Henley stands, &c.*] *J. Henly*, the Orator; he preach'd on the sundays upon Theological matters, and on the wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaim'd some years unpunish'd against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. *WELSTED*, in *Oratory Transactions*, No. 1. published by *Henley* himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at *Melton Mowbray* in *Leicestershire*. From his own Parish school he went to *St. John's College* in *Cambridge*. He began there to be uneasy; for it shock'd him to find he was commanded to believe against his judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. — Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian Religion in order either to *Deaconship* or *Priesthood*." He came to town, and after having for some years been a writer for Bookellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of state, The only reason he did

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
 Still break the benches, *Henley!* with thy strain,
 While *Kennet*, *Hare*, and *Gibson* preach in vain. 200

R E M A R K S.

not rise in the Church we are told, "was the envy
 " of others, and a disrelish entertain'd of him, because
 " *he was not qualify'd to be a compleat Spaniel.*" How-
 ever he offer'd the service of his pen, in one morning,
 to two great men of opinions and interests directly
 opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up
 a new Project, and stiled himself the *Restorer of an-
 cient Eloquence.* He thought " it as lawful to take a
 " licence from the King and Parliament at one place,
 " as another; at *Hick's hall*, as at *Doctors-Com-
 mons*; so set up his Oratory in *Newport-Market*,
 " *Butcher-row.*" There (says his friend) " he had the
 " assurance to form a Plan which no mortal ever
 " thought of; he had success against all opposition;
 " challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and
 " *none would dispute with him*; writ, read and studied
 " twelve hours a day; compos'd three dissertations
 " a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in *one*
 " year what Schools and Universities teach in *five*;
 " was not terrify'd by menaces, insults or satires, but
 " still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put
 " the Church and all that, in danger." WELSTED,
Narrative, in Orat. Transact. No. I.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned
 his rhetoric to Buffoonry upon all publick and private
 occurrences. All this passed in the same room;

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 205

Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
 Preacher at once, and *Zany* of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of *Ægypt's* wife abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall, 205
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
 And bade thee live, to crown *Britannia's* praise,
 In *Toland's*, *Tindal's*, and in *Woolston's* days.

Yet oh my sons! a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend) 210
 'Tis yours, a *Bacon* or a *Locke* to blame,
 A *Newton's* Genius, or a *Milton's* flame:
 But O! with one, immortal One dispense;
 The source of *Newton's* Light, of *Bacon's* Sense!
 Content, each Emanation of his fires 215
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,

R E M A R K S.

where sometimes he broke jells, and sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucharist*—This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers: The device, a Star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM.

V. 208 Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see book 2. *The Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel; in the years 1726, &c.

206 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 What-e'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in Man un-aw'd,
 But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your G o d. 220

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd — and thus the Sire:
 See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
 See what the charms that smite the simple heart 225
 Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.

He look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war. 230

R E M A R K S.

V. 222. *But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6. puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man, as here of a stupid one,

Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos!

V. 229. — *a fable Sorc'rer.*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a sett of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Play-houses strove to outdo each other in the Years 1726, 1727. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 207

Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown, 235
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :

Another *Cynthia* her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns :
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ; 240
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo ! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joys fills his soul, joy innocent of thought :
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought ?

R E M A R K S.

V. 233. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on earth.*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in *Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 240. *And other planets.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.
— *solemque suum, sua sydera norunt.*

V. 242. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*] Hor.

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum,

208 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Son! what thou seek'st is in thee. Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind. 246
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose farcenet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
A matchless youth! His nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls. 250
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:

R E M A R K S.

V. 244. *Lo! one vast Egg.*] In another of these Farces *Harlequin* is hatch'd upon the stage, out of a large Egg.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 247. *Son! what thou seek'st is in thee.*]

Quod petis in te est —

Ne te quæsieris extra.

Perf.

V. 252. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like *Solfoneus* in *Æn.* 6.

Dum flammæ Jovis, & sonitus imitatur olympi.

— nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,

Ære & cornipedum cursu simularat Equorum.

V. 254. — *o'er all unclassic ground.*] alludes to Mr. Addison's verse in the praises of *Italy*,

Poetic fields compass me around,

And still I seem to tread on Classic ground.

As verse 260 is a Parody on a noble one of the same Author in the *Campaign*; and verse 255, 256. on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 209

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher, 255
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal *Rich* ! how calm he sits at ease
 Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. 260

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise : here *Booth*, and *Cibber* there :
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons *Cibber* mounts the wind :
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din, 265
 Here shouts all *Drury*, there all *Lincolns-Inn* ;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown ?
 Unknown to thee ? These wonders are thy own. 270
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 " None but thy self can be thy parallel.

R E M A R K S.

V. 257. *Immortal Rich.*] Mr. *John Rich*, Master of the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, was the first that excell'd this way.

V. 262. *Booth* and *Cibber*, two of the managers of the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*.

V. 272. *None but thy self can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald* ; unless the Play call'd the *Double Falshood* be (as he would have it believ'd) *Shake-*

210 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

These, Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

R E M A R K S.

spear's: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespear* to have written as bad, (which methinks in an author for whom he has a veneration almost *rising to idolatry*, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what *Repentance* can: what can it not?

But what can it, when one cannot *repent*?

—— For *Cogitation*

Resides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.

MIST'S JOURN.

But this last line is no man's nonsense but *Tibbald's*, as he might have found, had he read the Context—

—— who does not think

My wife is slippery ——

Cymbeline.

V. id.] The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespear's*; it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald's* Arguments to the contrary, in his preface to that play. First that the MS. was above sixty years old: secondly that once Mr. *Bet-terton* had it, or he hath heard so: thirdly, that some- body told him the author gave it to a bastard-daughter of his: but fourthly and above all, “ that he has a “ *great mind every thing that is good in our tongue “ should be Shakespear's.*” I allow these reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Edi- tor: a few whereof we shall here amend out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relick*.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 211

In *Lud's* old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd, 275
Far, as loud *Bow's* stupendous bells resound ;

R E M A R K S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* son
(Who as he says, [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted : the epithet *good* is a meer insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* son,
Who, as he *saieth*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold.

Here you have not only the *Person* specify'd, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *Time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* son was to follow hard upon—what? why upon *July*.—*Horse* that *like him well*, is very absurd : Read it, without contradiction,

—Horse, that *he likes well*.

A C T I. at the end.

—I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside
And turn my proud additions out of service :
Saieth *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, object-

212 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,

R E M A R K S.

ing his high quality : What have his *Comparisons* here
to do ? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service.

A C T 2. S C E N E I.

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with prose.

—— O that a man

Could reason down this *Feaver* of the blood,
Or sooth with *words* the tumult in his heart !

Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read —— this *fervor* of the blood,

Then *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.
marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

A C T 4. S C E N E I.

How his eyes *shake* fire ! — said by *Violante*, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plainly demands,

—— How his eyes *take* fire !

And measure every piece of youth about me !

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore disguises* for some *ends*.

She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end.

Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were disguised* for some *end*.

A C T 4. S C E N E 2.

— To oaths no more give credit,

To tears, to vows ; false *both* !

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 213

Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars: 280
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;

R E M A R K S.

False Grammar I'm sure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things: And see! how easy a change sets it right?

To tears, to vows, false *troth* —

I could shew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakespear* a hundred times.

Ib. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be its parallel*: for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakespear* where we can: I make no doubt but he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to *Violante's* concern. This figure is call'd *Anadyplosis*. I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 280. Annual trophies, on the *Lord Mayor's Day*; and monthly wars, in the *Artillery Ground*,

V. 281. *Tho' long my Party.*] *Settle*, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd to hold the pen in the *Character of a Popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narra-*

214 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

(Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race,
 'Tis the same rope at several ends they twist, 285
 To Dulness, *Ridpath* is as dear as *Mist*.)
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heav'n! that thou or *Cibber* e'er
 Should wag two serpent-tails in *Smithfield* fair. 290

R E M A R K S.

tive on the contrary side. He had manag'd the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on *Nov. 17. 1680*: then became a trooper in King *James's* army at *Hounslow-beath*. After the Revolution he kept a Booth at *Bartlemew-fair*, where in the Droll call'd *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention. He was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there dyed, aged about 60 years.

V. 286. *To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.*] *George Ridpath*, author for several years of the *Flying-Post*, a Whig-paper; *Nathaniel Mist*, publisher of the *Weekly Journal*, a Tory-paper.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 283-84. — *With equal grace*
Our Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.]
 Virg. *Æn.* 10.
Tros Rutulusque suat, nullo discrimine habebat.
 — *Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.*

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 215

Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone, 295
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on.
 Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,
 And licks up every blockhead in the way.
 Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
 And from each show rise duller than the last, 300
 Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport.
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.
 To aid her cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend, 305
 Hell thou shalt move; for *Faustus* is thy friend;

R E M A R K S.

V. 299. *Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste.*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, *Thy dragons ** and ****. *Concanen* was sure "they must
 "needs mean no-body but King GEORGE and

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 305. — *If heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move —]*
 Virg. *Æn.* 7.
Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

216 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Pluto with *Cato* thou for her shalt join,
And link the *Mourning-Bride* to *Proserpine*.
Grubstreet ! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire. 310
Another *Æschylus* appears ! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair !

R E M A R K S.

“ *Queen CAROLINE*, and said he would insist it was
“ so, till the poet clear’d himself by filling up the blanks
“ otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent
“ with his *allegiance*.” Pref. to a collection of verses,
essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for *A. Moore*,
pag. 6.]

V. 307. — *Faustus is thy friend*, *Pluto with Cato*,
&c.] Names of miserable farces of *Tibbald* and others;
which it was their custom to get acted at the end of
the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

V. 310. — *ensure it but from fire*.] In *Tibbald*’s
farce of *Proserpine* a corn-field was set on fire; where-
upon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for
the recreation of the spectators. They also rival’d each
other in showing the burnings of hell fire, in Dr.
Faustus.

V. 311. *Another Æschylus appears ! &c.*] It is re-
ported of *Æschylus*, that when his tragedy of the
Furies was acted, the audience were so terrify’d that
the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women
miscarried. *Tibbald* is translating this author: he print-
ed a specimen of him many years ago, of which I
only remember that the first note contains some com-
parison between *Prometheus* and *Christ crucify’d*.

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 217

In flames, like *Semeles*, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now *Bavius* take the poppy from thy brow, 315
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' *Augustus*, born to bring Saturnian times:
Beneath his reign, shall *Eusden* wear the bays,
Cibber preside, Lord-Chancellor of Plays. 320

R E M A R K S.

V. 317. *Eusden wear the bays.*] See Book I. verse 102. I have before observ'd something like *prophecy* in our author. *Eusden*, whom he here couples with *Cibber*, no sooner died but his place of Laureate was supply'd by *Cibber*, in the year 1730, on which was made the ensuing epigram.

*In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 315 — *Like Semeles* —] See Ovid, Met. 3.

V. 317. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Augustus, &c.*] Virg. Æn. 6.

*Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Sæcula qui rursus Latium, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —*

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mention'd book I. ver. 26.

Benson sole judge of architecture fit,
And *Ambrose Philips* be preferr'd for wit!

REMARKS.

V. 321. *Benson* sole judge of architecture fit.] *W—m Benson* (late surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the *Lords*, that their house and the painted chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the *Lords* met in a committee, to appoint some other place to fit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The *Lords*, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against *Benson*, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of *Sunderland*, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir *Christopher Wren*, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in *London*, laid the first stone of *St. Paul's*, and lived to finish it, had been displac'd from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

V. 322. And *Ambrose Philips*.] He was (saith Mr. JACOB) "one of the wits at *Button's*, and a justice of the peace." But since he hath met with higher preferment in *Ireland*: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. *Gildon's* compleat Art of poetry, v. 1. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with *Virgil*, lest it should seem flattery: but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than

Book III. The D U N C I A D. 219

While naked mourns the Dormitory wall,
And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall,

R E M A R K S.

"he at present enjoys." He endeavour'd to create some mis-understanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper call'd the *Examiner*: A falshood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

*Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roy,
Et n'a, (selon Cotin,) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy.*

V. 323. *Dormitory wall.*] The dormitory in *Westminster* was a building intended for the lodging of the King's scholars; toward which a sum was left by Dr. *Edw. Hannes*, the rest was raised by contributions procured from several eminent persons by the interest of *Francis* late Bishop of *Rochester*, and Dean of *Westminster*. He requested the Earl of *Burlington* to be the Architect, who carry'd on the work till the bill against that learned prelate was brought in, which ended in his banishment. The shell being finished according to his design, the succeeding Dean and Chapter employ'd a common builder to do the inside, which is perform'd accordingly.

V. 324. *And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of *Whitehall*, the church and piazza of *Covent-garden*, and the palace and chappel of *So-*

220 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

While *Wren* with sorrow to the grave descends, 325
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,

R E M A R K S.

merjet-house, the works of the famous *Inigo Jones*, had been for many years so neglected as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of *Covent-garden* church had been just then restor'd and beautify'd at the expence of the Earl of *Burlington*; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and *Palladio*, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

V. 326. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. *Gay's* fable of the *Hare* and *Many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye-call-it*, *Fables*, and lastly, the celebrated *Beggars Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of *Horace*

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim, could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were less follow'd and famous. It was acted in *London* sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renew'd the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of *England*, was play'd in many places to the 30th, and 40th time, at *Bath* and *Bristol* 50, &c. It made its progress into *Wales*, *Scotland*, and

*Hibernian politicks, O Swift, thy fate,
And Pope's, whole years to comment and translate.*

REMARKS.

Ireland, where it was performed 24 days together. It was lastly acted in *Minorca*. The fame of it was not confin'd to the author only; the ladies carry'd about with 'em the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnish'd with it in screens. The person who acted *Polly*, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her *pictures* were ingraven and sold in great numbers, her *life* written, books of *letters* and *verses* to her publish'd, and pamphlets made even of her *sayings* and *jest*s.

Furthermore, it drove out of England for that season the *Italian Opera*, which had carry'd all before it for ten years: That idol of the Nobility and the people, which the great Critic Mr. *Dennis* by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolish'd by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This remarkable period happen'd in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil*.

V. 327. *Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy fate,*
See book i. vers. 24.

V. 328. *And Pope's whole years to comment and translate, &c.]* The Author here seems to lament that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713 and finish'd it in 1719. The Edition of *Shakespear*, which he undertook merely because he thought no body else would, took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing Impressions, rectifying the Scenary, &c.
and

Proceed great days! till learning fly the shore,
 Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more, 330
 Till *Thames* see *Eton's* sons for ever play,
 Till *Westminster's* whole year be holiday;
 Till *Iffs'* elders reel, their pupils sport;
 And *Alma Mater* lye dissolv'd in port!
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year; 335
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 She comes! the cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
 With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.

REMARKS.

and the translation of half the *Odyſſey* employ'd him from that time to 1725.

V. 337. *She comes! the cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!*
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.

Here the Muse, like *Jove's* eagle, after a sudden swoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit:

IMITATIONS.

V. 329. *Proceed great days.*] Virg. *Ecl.* 4.
 — *Incipiunt magni procedere menses.*

Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd ;
 Light dies before hër uncreating word. 340
 As one by one, at dread *Mædea's* strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' æthereal plain ;
 As *Argus' eyes*, by *Hermes* wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;

R E M A R K S.

since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. (who are too good indeed to be named in such company.) Do not gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of the instruments for such a revolution in learning, or despise such weak agents as have been described in our poem, but remember what the *Dutch* stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once over-flow'd, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *water-rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers in all kinds, (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his con-

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 343. *As Argus' eyes by Hermes wand oppress'd.*]
 Ovid. Met. 2.

*Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
 Parte tamen vigilat — Vidit Cyllenius omnes
 Succubuisse oculos, &c. ibid.*

224 The D U N C I A D. Book III.

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might, 345
Art after art goes out, and all is night.

See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry :
Philosophy, that touch'd the heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more : 350

See Physic beg the Stagyrte's defence !

See Metaphysic call for aid on fence !

See mystery to Mathematics fly !

In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.

Thy hand, great Dulness ! lets the curtain fall, 355
And universal darkness buries all.

Enough ! enough ! the raptur'd monarch cries ;
And thro' the Ivory gate the vision flies.

R E M A R K S.

elusion ; where by causing all this vision to pass thro' the *Ivory gate*, he expressly in the language of poesy declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V. 347. *Truth in her old cavern lye.*] Alludes to the saying of *Democritus*, that truth lay at the bottom of a deep well.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 358. *And thro' the Ivory gate the vision flies.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

*Sunt geminae somni portæ ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris ;
Alterâ, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.*

F I N I S.

By the Author

A

DECLARATION.



WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the Spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the Name of Criticks and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current Sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realme; by clipping, coyning, defacing the Images, or mixing their own base Allay, or otherwise falsifying the same, which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no Right thereto, as neither Heirs, Executors, Administrators, Assigns, or in any sort Related to such Poets, to all, or any of Them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies, containing the entire Sum of one thousand and twelve Lines, do declare every Word, Figure, Point, and Com-

ma of this Impression to be Authentick: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any Person or Persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means directly or indirectly change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our Brethren to follow This our Example, which we heartily wish our Great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a Remedy and Prevention of all such Abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted Right of every Subject of this Realme, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at *London*, this third day of *January*, in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me.

JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

I N D E X

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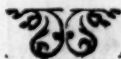
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I N D E X

O F T H E

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- M** *R.* Winstanley, { *Authors of Lives of Poets. Book*
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APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE *prefix'd to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, printed at Dublin and London, in Octavo and Duod.*

a *The* PUBLISHER to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the State or in Literature, the publick

a *The Publisher.*] Who he was is uncertain; but *Edward Ward* tells us in his preface to *Durgen*, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction but *Hibernian*, &c." He means *Dr. Swift*, who whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem: For when

in general afford it a most quiet reception ; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some

he, together with Mr. *Pope*, (for reasons specify'd in the preface to their *Miscellanies*) determin'd to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remain'd in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatch'd from the fire by Dr. *Swift*, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows.

There was publish'd in those *Miscellanies*, a *Treatise of the Batbos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry*, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were rang'd in classes, and initial letters of names prefix'd for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more the common Newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise : A liberty no ways to be wonder'd at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age, and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. *Pope* the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind ; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by

kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with *b.* pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. *Pope*. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a *c.* hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of *England* and *Ireland*;

manifesting the dullness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

b Pamphlets, Advertisements, &c.] See the list of these anonymous papers, with their dates and authors thereunto annexed, in the third article of this Appendix.

c About a hundred thousand.] It is surprizing with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. This passage among others they understood to be serious.

(not to mention *Jersey*, *Guernsey*, the *Orcades*, those in the New world, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the *d.* author of the following poem, who doubtless had either better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or better opinion of Mr. *Pope's* integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked *e.* no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is of no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detain'd this publication: since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

d *The Author of the following Poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. *Pope* himself.

e The publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such: and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness or scurrility all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the *Dunciad*.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly *f.* nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. *Pope*, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to *Virgil*, and a labour'd (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the *Roman* poet than of the *Grecian*, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full *g.* six years of his life, and that he wholly

f *There is certainly nothing in his Style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The *Dunciad*, imperfect as it was, had not been publish'd two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. *Pope*.

g *The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believ'd, by divers of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. *J. Ralph*, pref. to *Sawney*, "We are told, it was the labour of six years, with
" the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great
" compliment to the author's sense to have employ'd
" so large a part of his life, &c." So also *Ward*, pref. to *Durgen*, "The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement
" from all the pleasures of life, tho' it is somewhat
" difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty,
" that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the
" length of time and closeness of application were
" mention'd to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what *Scriblerus* said of this poem.

retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of *Statius* which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

*Ob mihi bisseos multum vigilata per annos,
h. Duncia.*

Hence also we learn the true title of the Poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of *Homer* the *Iliad*, of *Virgil* the *Æneid*, of *Camoens* the *Lusiad*, of *Voltaire* the i. *Henriad*, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

THE DUNCIA D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

The time and date of the Action is evidently in the last reign, when the office of City poet expir'd

h The prefacer to *Curl's Key* took this word to be really in *Statius*. "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*. "the *Dunciad* is formed," pag. 3. Mr. *Ward* also follows him in the same opinion.

i *The Henriad*.] The French poem of *Monsieur Voltaire*, entitled *La Henriade*, had been publish'd at *London* the year before.

upon the death of *Elkanah Settle*, and it is fix'd to the Mayoralty of Sir *Geo. Thorold*. But there may arise some obscurity in Chronology from the *names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem*: I should judge that they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the satire would only be multiplied and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called *Codrus*, how many would have affirm'd him to have been Mr. *W.* Mr. *D.* Sir *R. B.* &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him *Theobald*, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person.

I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too mean for the Hero of an Epic Poem: But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an author no less eminent than *la Bruyere* has honour'd him with frequent mention, and thought him worthy a place in his characters.

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je crusse que vous etes baisse? que vous n'etes plus Poete, ni bel esprit?

que vous etes presentement auffi mauvais Juge de tout genre d'Ouvrage, que mechant Auteur ? Votre air libre & presuntueux me rassure, & me persuade tout la contraire, &c. Characters, Vol. I. de la Societe & de la Conversation, &c.

II.

A LIST of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our Author was abused, before the publication of the Dunciad : With the true Names of the Authors.

RELECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody call'd an Essay on Criticism by Mr. Dennis, printed for B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A new Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger, containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a letter to Mr. Pope, occasion'd by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett, Esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden. A vision in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholick Poet, or Protestant *Barnaby's* Sorrowful Lamentation, a Ballad about *Homer's Iliad*, by Mrs. *Centlivre* and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at *Bath*, concerning the said *Iliad*, by *George Duckett, Esq*; printed by *E. Curl*.

A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. By *Griffin* a Player, supervis'd by Mr. *Tb*——, printed by *J. Roberts* 1715.

A true Character of Mr. *Pope* and his writings, in a letter to a friend, Anon. [*Dennis*] printed for *S. Popping* 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By *Joseph Gay* [*J. D. Brevat*] printed for *R. Burleigh*, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. *Pope's* translation of *Homer*, with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed for *E. Curl*, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the translators of *Homer*, Mr. *P.* and Mr. *T.* Anon. *Bez. Morris*, 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate, or a letter from *Palæmon* to *Celia* at *Bath*. Anon. [*Leonard Welsted*] price 1 s. 1711. Folio.

The Battle of Poets, a heroic poem. By *Tho. Cooke*. Printed for *J. Roberts*, Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of *Lilliput*, Anon. [*Mrs. Elizabeth Heywood*,] 8vo. printed 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose, by the Author of the Critical History of *England* [*J. Oldmixon*] 8vo. printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and *Alexandriana*. With an ample preface and critique on *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. By *Jonathan Smedley*. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 8vo.

1728. Advertised before the publication of the *Dunciad* in the *Daily Journal*, *April 13*, 1728.

Characters of the Times, or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libell'd by S — and P — in a late Miscellany, 8vo. 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis. Written in 1724, tho' not printed till 1728, 8vo.

Verses, Letters, Essays or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by *Philomauri*. James Moore Smyth.

Id. March 29. A Letter about *Thersites*, accusing the author of disaffection to the Government, by James Moore Smyth.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation, or a supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry [supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of *Philoditto*, by James Moore Smyth.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against *Gulliver* and Mr. P. [by Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at *Twickenham*, by James Moore Smyth.

Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope, by Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same, by Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement, by James Moore Smyth.

Flying Post, April 13, Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s *Homer*, by J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23, Letter about a translation of the character of *Thersites* in *Homer*, by Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large, Anon. John Dennis.

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet entitled, A collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters and Advertisements occasion'd by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by *Concanen*, Anonymous, 8vo. and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were upon the publication of the *Dunciad* brought out, and their Authors betray'd by the mercenary Booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner——

“ The Confederates a Farce, by Capt. Brevall, (for
“ which he is put into the *Dunciad*.) An Epilogue
“ to *Powel's* Puppet-show, by Col. Duckett, (for which
“ he is put into the *Dunciad*.) Essays. &c. by Sir
“ Richard Blackmore. NB. It is for a passage of this
“ book that Sir Richard was put into the *Dunciad*.”
And so of others.

After the D U N C I A D, 1728.

An Essay on the *Dunciad*, 8vo. printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, pag. 9. it was formally declared
“ That the complaint of the afore said Libels and Ad-
“ vertisements was forged and untrue, that all mouths

“ had been silent except in Mr. *Pope*'s praise, and no-
 “ thing against him publish'd, but by Mr. *Theobald*.]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the *Dunciad*: with a critique on that poem, by *J. Ralph*, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed for *J. Roberts*, 8vo.

A compleat Key to the *Dunciad*, by *E. Curl*, 120. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 120.

The *Popiad*, by *E. Curl*, extracted from *J. Dennis*, Sir *R. Blackmore*, &c. 120. price 6d.

The *Curliad*, by the same *E. Curl*.

The *Female Dunciad*, collected by the same Mr. *Curl*, 120. price 6d. With the *Metamorphosis* of *P.* into a stinging Nettle, by Mr. *Foxton*, 120.

The *Metamorphosis* of *Scriblerus* into *Snarlerus*, by *J. Smedley*, printed for *A. Moore*, folio, price 6d.

The *Dunciad* dissected, by *Curl*, and Mrs. *Thomas*, 120.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times, said to be writ by a gentleman of *C. C. C. Oxon*, printed for *J. Roberts*, 8vo.

The Arts of Logick and Rhetoric, partly taken from *Boubours*, with new Reflections, &c. by *John Oldmixon*, 8vo.

Remarks on the *Dunciad*, by Mr. *Dennis*, dedicated to *Theobald*, 8vo.

A Supplement to the *Profund*, *Anon.* by *Matthew Concanen*. 8vo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter sign'd *W. A.* writ by some or other of the Club of *Theobald*, *Dennis*, *Moore*, *Concanen*, *Cooke*, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd *Philoscriberus*, on the name of *Pope*. — Letter to Mr. *Theobald* in verse, sign'd *B. M.* [*Bezaleel Morris*] against Mr. *P* —. Many other little Epigrams about this time in the same papers, by *James Moore* and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on *Pope* and *Swift*.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the *Dunciad* with Treason.

Durgen. A plain satire on a pompous satireist, by *Edward Ward*, with a little of *James Moore*.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups, by *E. Ward*.

Gulliveriana Secunda, Being a collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertis'd in the *Craftsman*, November 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "any thing which any body" should send as Mr. *Pope's* or Dr. *Swift's*, should be "inserted and published as *Theirs*."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. 4to. By *George Duckett* and *John Dennis*.

Dean *Jonathan's* Paraphrase on the 4th Chapter of *Genesis*. Writ by *E. Room*, fol. 1729.

Labeo, a paper of Verses by *Leonard Welsted*, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by *James Moore*, 4to. 1730. Another part of it came out in *Welsted's* own name in 1731, under the just Title of *Dulness and Scandal*, fol.

Verses on the Imitator of *Horace*, by a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court Squire] Printed for *J. Roberts*, fol. 1733.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Dr. of Divinity, from *Hampton Court*. [Lord *H* — y] Printed for *J. Roberts* also, fol. 1733.

III.

A P A R A L L E L

O F T H E

C H A R A C T E R S

O F

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN.

HIS POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. *Dryden* is a mere Renegado from Monarchy, Poetry, and good Sense *a*. A true Republican Son of a monarchical Church *b*. A Republican Atheist *c*. *Dryden* was from the beginning an αλλοπερσαλλῶ, and I doubt not will continue so to the last *d*.

a *Milbourn* on *Dryden's Virgil*, 8vo. 1693, p. 6.
b pag. 38. *c* pag. 192. *d* pag. 8.

IV.

A P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F
M^r. D R Y D E N and M^r. P O P E.
M^r. D R Y D E N.

HIS POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS.

M^R. *Pope* is an open and mortal Enemy to his Country, and the Commonwealth of Learning *a*. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent *b*. *Pope* as a Papist must be a Tory and High-Flyer *c*. He is both a Whig and a Tory *d*.

a *Dennis*, Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. *b* *Dunciad* dissected. *c* Preface to *Gul-liveriana*. *d*. *Denn*. Character of Mr. P.

In the Poem call'd *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their Honorable Persons exposed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd; It is *Scandalum Magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itselfe.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful Purveyor^f. His very Christianity may be question'd^g. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own Reflections on others^h. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for Poetical Infallibilityⁱ.

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifyer.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre^k. Mr. Dryden's Genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question?^l

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to show that this is not that *Virgil* so admir'd in the *Augustæan* age, but a *Virgil* of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical Writer^m. None but a *Bavius*, a *Mævius*, or a *Bathyllus* carp'd at *Virgil*, and none but such un-

^e Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway 1682. Preface. ^f Ibid. ^g Milbourn, p. 9.
^b Ibid. p. 175. ⁱ pag. 39. ^k Whip and Key, Pref. ^l Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.
^m Milbourn, pag. 2.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one Party in their own Sentiments^e.

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Establish'd CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be constru'd into ROYAL SCANDAL^f.

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a Contempt of the Sacred Writings^g. His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles^h. It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Romeⁱ.

Mr. P O P E only a Versifyer.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit^k. It must be own'd that he hath got a notable Knack of rhymeing, and writing smooth verse^l.

^e Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.
^f List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, pag. 6. ^g Dennis's Remarks on *Homer*, p. 27. ^h Preface to *Gulliveriana*, p. 11.
ⁱ Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, p. 9.
^k *Mist's Journal* of June 8, 1728. ^l Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on *Homer*.

thinking Vermin admire his Translator *n*. It is true, soft and easy lines might become *Ovid's* Epistles or Art of Love — But *Virgil* who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions, not an ambling Muse running on Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a *Newmarket* racer. — He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression *o*.

Mr. DRYDEN understood no *Greek* or *Latin*.

Mr. *Dryden* was once, I have heard, at *Westminster* School: Dr. *Busby* would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase *p*. The meanest Pedant in *England* would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly *q*. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity *r*. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. *Dryden* did not, or would not understand his Author *s*. This shows how fit Mr. *D*. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but *ἔχω* for *ἵχω* must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press *t*. Mr. *Dryden* writes for the Court Ladies. — He writes for the Ladies, and not for use *u*.

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into *Virgil*, for a Ragout to his cheated Subscribers *w*.

n Pag. 35. *o* Pag. 22, and 192.

p Milbourn, p. 72. *q* Pag. 203. *r* Pag. 78.

s Pag. 206. *t* Pag. 19. *u* Pag. 124, 190.

w Pag. 67.

Mr. P O P E's H O M E R.

The *Homer* which *Lintot* prints, does not talk like *Homer*, but like *Pope*; and he who translated him one would swear had a Hill in *Tipperary* for his *Parnassus*, and a puddle in some Bog for his *Hippocrene*. He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge *n*.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of *English*. The qualities which distinguish *Homer* are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification — But this little Author who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his Thoughts, nor *English* in his Expressions *o*.

Mr. P O P E understood no *Greek*.

He hath undertaken to translate *Homer* from the *Greek*, of which he knows not one word, into *English*, of which he understands as little *p*. I wonder how this Gentleman would look should it be discover'd, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of *Homer* with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding *Greek q*. He has stuck so little to his Original, as to have his knowledge in *Greek* call'd in question *r*. I should be glad to know which it is of all *Homer's* Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies?

m Dennis's Remarks on Pope's *Homer*, p. 12 *n* Ibid.
o Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on *Homer*, p. 91. *p* Dennis's Remark's on *Homer*, p. 12.
q Daily Journal of April 23, 1728. Supplement to the Profund. Pref. *s* Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably-celebrated Name *x*. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, tho' it should extend to Picking of Pockets *y*.

Names bestow'd on Mr. DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty Ape dress'd up in a gaudy gown——Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with——None but Apish and Papish Brats will heed him. Whip and Key, Pref.

AN ASS.] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another Beast that crouches under all: Mr. Dryden, &c. *Milb.* p. 105.

A FROG.] Poet Squab indued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermine, which would swell to the bulk of an Oxe, p. 11.

A COWARD.] A *Clinias* or a *Damætas*, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage, p. 176.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of *Paul*, the Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of *John Dryden*, Servant to his Majesty, p. 57.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool——Whip and Key, pref. Some great Poets are positive Blockheads. *Milbourn*, p. 34.

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden. *Ibid.* p. 35.

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqu'd *Homer* without designing it *t*.

[Mr. POPE trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work! But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been rais'd in proportion to what their Pockets have been drain'd of *u*. *Pope* has been concern'd in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Booksellers *x*.

Names bestow'd on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same Idea of an Ape, as his face, &c. *Dennis*, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

An ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass. *Dennis's Rem. on Homer. pref.*

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman — a little creature that like the Frog in the Fable, swells and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an Oxe. *Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9.*

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward. Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honesty. *Ibid.*

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christen'd by the names of great Poets, and *Pope* will be call'd *Homer*. *Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37.*

A THING.] A little abject Thing. *Ibid. p. 8.*

t *Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.* *u* *Burnet Homerides, p. 1, &c.* *x* *British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.*

I N D E X

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